January 23, 1926

Price 15 Cents

JUDGE

Antique Number

HIGH HAT!

JOIN

The JUDGE CHIROGRAPHIC SOCIETY

An association of astute penmen who appreciate the influence of human nature upon chirography and so, in order to improve their handwriting, want JUDGE, each week to keep them in good humor.

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THIS WEEK THE SOCIETY WILL CONSIDER THE SIGNATURE OF

Horace Greeley

Here we have a really interesting study in chirography. Of course, if we could decipher the letters our task would be simplified, nevertheless the boldness and vigor of this hand denotes the well balanced mind of an editor. The clearness of the "c's" and "e's," if that is what they are, show sympathy and deep affection, while the final stem and period show dauntless determination to admonish the youth of the land to "Go West, Young Man, Go West."

APPLICATION BLANK

JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York

This chirographic example of my cognomen and the enclosed legal tender of the United States in the amount of one dollar are proof that I know how to sign my name, when by so doing, I can secure JUDGE for 10 weeks by mail.

THIS IS THE RIGHT TIME TO SIGN YOUR RIGHT NAME

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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''LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS''

JUDGE

OLD STUFF

I'M FED with antiques wheresoever I go—
I teeter on wabblies "by Phyfe, don't you know?"
Or "Boule"; I can't tell 'em from "Adam," and yet
They're driving me mad—and my friends into debt.
Perchance I would dine rather nobly, and so
I fare where the Forties are jazzy and low—
And what's the reward I receive for my dough?
I'm fed with antiques!

I'm bored, let us say, and I take in a show—
Deliver the mint for the twenty-eighth row,
To solace said boredom—and what do I get?
Why, wheezes old Moses was young when he met!
Is this, then, a system? Quick, Watson, the "snow"!
I'm *fed* with antiques!

Gardner Rea

Unexpected result of the acquisition of an old ship model.

"No place like home."

Memory Gems for Little Antiquarians

EVER say buy!

Never look a gift shoppe in the door.

Don't use your highboys until they are patched.

Great hoax from selling antiques grow.

To the collectors belong the spoiled.

Hepplethwaite's for no poor man.

Don't give up the chip.

Uneasy sits the man who buys antiques.

All is not old that totters!

Carroll

From the 1926 Catalog of the Vox Populi Antique Co.

BETSY ROSS' Own Gate Leg Table. ($15 each.) Specify if you desire table that served George Washington. ($2 extra west of the Rockies.) Large number always in stock for immediate shipment, though worm hole effect usually takes two weeks extra.

Louis Sixteenth's Cabinet. ($22.) Two thousand now in stock. Certificate accompanying each states that cabinet was in Louis' own bedroom. These cabinets reflect the highest craftsmanship. Our two factories in Hoboken, N. J., are turning them out night and day. Mr. "A" of R. F. D. No. 4, Paris, France, says, "I sold one to a tourist from New Rochelle, U. S. A., for $500 and want you to send me three dozen more before the tourist season opens again."

William the Conqueror's Personal Suit of Armor. ($35.) Three thousand in stock. Each embossed with the initials of Richard. Made of best steel with demountable rims. Rust guaranteed not to wear off. Stand it out in the rain for a week and sell it for a fortune. Service stations all over. For $5 extra we will give it our ultra-mediæval finish, thereby obviating necessity for standing it in the rain.

Family Bibles. Thirty-five thousand old family bibles cleverly made. Fill in any names you want. An invaluable aid in selling Vox Populi antiques to city folks. Specify if you want 100, 200 or 300 year old effect.

We are also making Grecian urns, Babylonian jugs, Assyrian gadgets, Chippendale sofas, Fragonard towels, Hepplewhite hammocks, Tudor taborets, Jacobean beds, Queen Anne sideboards and thousands of other antiques daily. Deal with a reliable concern turning out real antiques. Don't get stuck by buying old junk that's been laying in somebody's attic for hundreds of years.

Arthur Lippmann

The antique collector brings home a bride.

Alley Up!

On the morning of April 10, 1902, Mrs. Mickey Maloney opened the back window of her tenement and ruthlessly threw out into the alley a vase that "Pa" Maloney had picked up at the "5 and 10" as a birthday gift for the "missus." "Sure and ye would think the loikes o' him would bring me somethin' a little better," she snorted, wiping her hands on the tubs before continuing with the family wash.

Two years later, little Tony Esposito, playing in a vacant lot, picked up the cracked vase and brought it home to his mother, who fingered it gingerly and threw it down the air shaft, where the handle broke off and it was later picked up by the janitor and put in the ash barrel. From 1905 to 1910 it remained buried under tons of refuse. In 1911 it was unearthed again and put in a wagon to be dumped overboard at sea. En route to the docks, it fell from the wagon and was picked up by Monsieur Fleurot, antique dealer, who threw it into his back yard, where it reposed for fifteen years half buried in the soil.

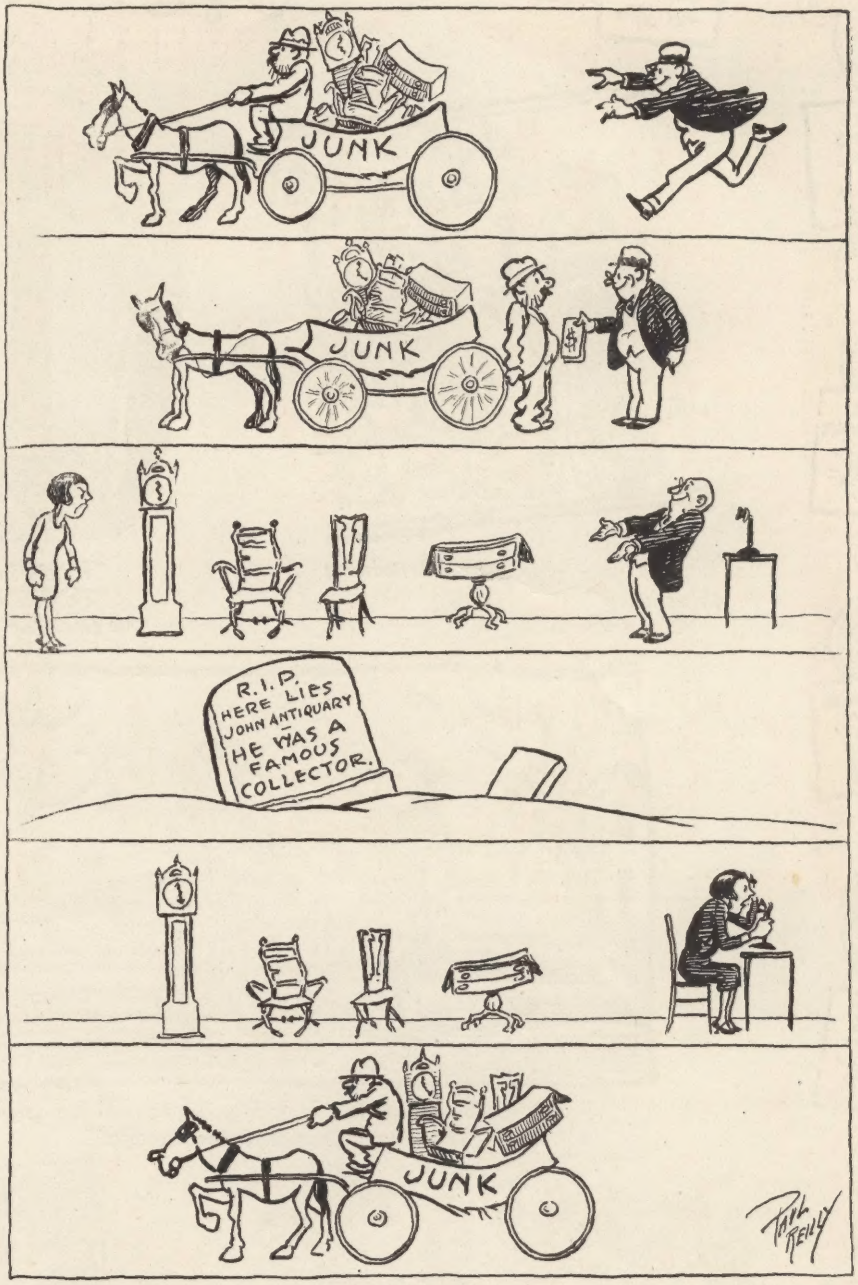
On the night of April 10, 1925, the lights blazed in "Stevedoria," the beautiful country estate occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Maloney. Stevedoring had prospered. The Maloney Unloading Company had exclusive franchises along the city docks. Prosperity had brought diamonds, limousines, the gout, manicures and other luxuries, not to mention mud massages.

"'Tis your birthday, ma," whispered Mickey Maloney, dismissing the butler, "and I've brought ye a real antique vase from the Ming dynasty. 'Tis $10,000 it cost me, ma, but Jacques Fleurot says it's 10,000 years old—that's a dollar for every year." He handed her a dusty, cracked, battered vase numbering well over 10,000,000 bacteria to the square inch.

"'Tis bee-u-tee-ful," gurgled Madam Maloney (*née* "Ma" Maloney), extending her jeweled hands. "'Tis rare and swell."

So saying, she rapturously and ecstatically clasped to her lavaliered bosom the same vase she had thrown away twenty-three years earlier.

Hugh Wood



The collector.

"Le's go in this tea room, Ed, and get seven or eight lunches."

TRAMP AND DOG

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

HE AND SHE

BATHER IN BARREL

"Has your wife been entertaining this season?"
"No, not very!"

MR. SUBBUBS

STRANDED ACTOR

"Who's in there!"
"Fo' de Lawd, Boss—nobody 'ceptin' us chickens!"

MOTHER-IN-LAW

WILLIE AND PA

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"
"That was no lady, that was my wife."

PAT AND MIKE

COOK AND COP

BULL AT PICNIC

FARMER AND GOLD BRICK

"What shall I give my sister for her birthday?"
"Why not a book."
"No, she's got a book."

ADAM—*I'm a little stiff from Bowling.*
EVE—*I don't care where you're from!*

MAN UNDER AUTO

WEARY WILLIE

Ye Antiques

FULLER JR.

From Generation to Generation

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER—Dear, dear, dear. I suppose I must be getting old. I just don't know what the world's coming to. Everything is hustle and hurry and bustle. Seems as if the art of being a lady was a lost one what with bridge playing, and late hours, and no respect for one's parents. Why, I remember when I was a girl—

Grandmother (sotto voce)—Dear *me*, I hope I'm not like that when I get really old.

Grandmother—Dear, dear, dear. I suppose I must be getting old. I just don't know what the world's coming to. Everything is hustle and hurry and bustle. Seems as if the art of being a lady was a lost one what with playing cards for money, and golf, and riding astride, and no respect for one's parents. Why, I remember when I was a girl—

Mother (sotto voce)—Heavens, I hope I'm not like that when I get old.

Mother—I hate to think I am getting old. Goodness knows, I am liberal enough. I suppose I'm an anachronism. Really belong in the barouche and champagne age instead of this gin and taxi time. But it does seem as if the art of being a lady were utterly lost on the present generation what with bobbed hair, and rolled stockings, and petting parties and no respect at all for one's parents. Why, I remember when I was a girl—

Flapper (sotto voce)—If that line isn't the kitten's nightshirt. I hope I'm not like that when I get old.

Flapper—Well, you funny little baldheaded thing. You make me feel as old as a musical comedy joke. I wonder what you will grow up to be. Probably howl for gin in your nursing bottle next. Well, I was your age about a thousand parties ago and I remember—

Baby (fortissimo)—*Blah!!!*

Sterling Patterson

The only man who can make the bootlegger feel like a piker.

"CUTTING IN"

This crude custom is believed to have originated in the Stone Age.

They Call It the Descent of Man

MR. and Mrs. Nordic speaking:

"Oh, Jim!"

"Don't you like it?"

"N-n-no. It's—it's leopard skin!"

"Yeah. They told me at the store it was the latest thing. 'What you want is leopard skin,' the clerk said. 'The niftiest coats on the Avenue are leopard this year,' he said. 'If your wife is a nifty dresser,' he said, 'just get her this leopard skin coat—' "

"Take it back! I won't have the miserable thing! I'm not going to make myself look like a—a—you know—the kind of woman who wears these loud, outlandish things! I said I wanted seal, and you go right straight back and exchange this for one."

"Well—oh, well, all right. All right. Did you say seal? . . . Yes, yes, right away. Good-by."

Mr. and Mrs. Cro-Magnon speaking:

"O-o-o-o Mckligln!"

"Wot?"

"Leopard, Mckligln, leopard!"

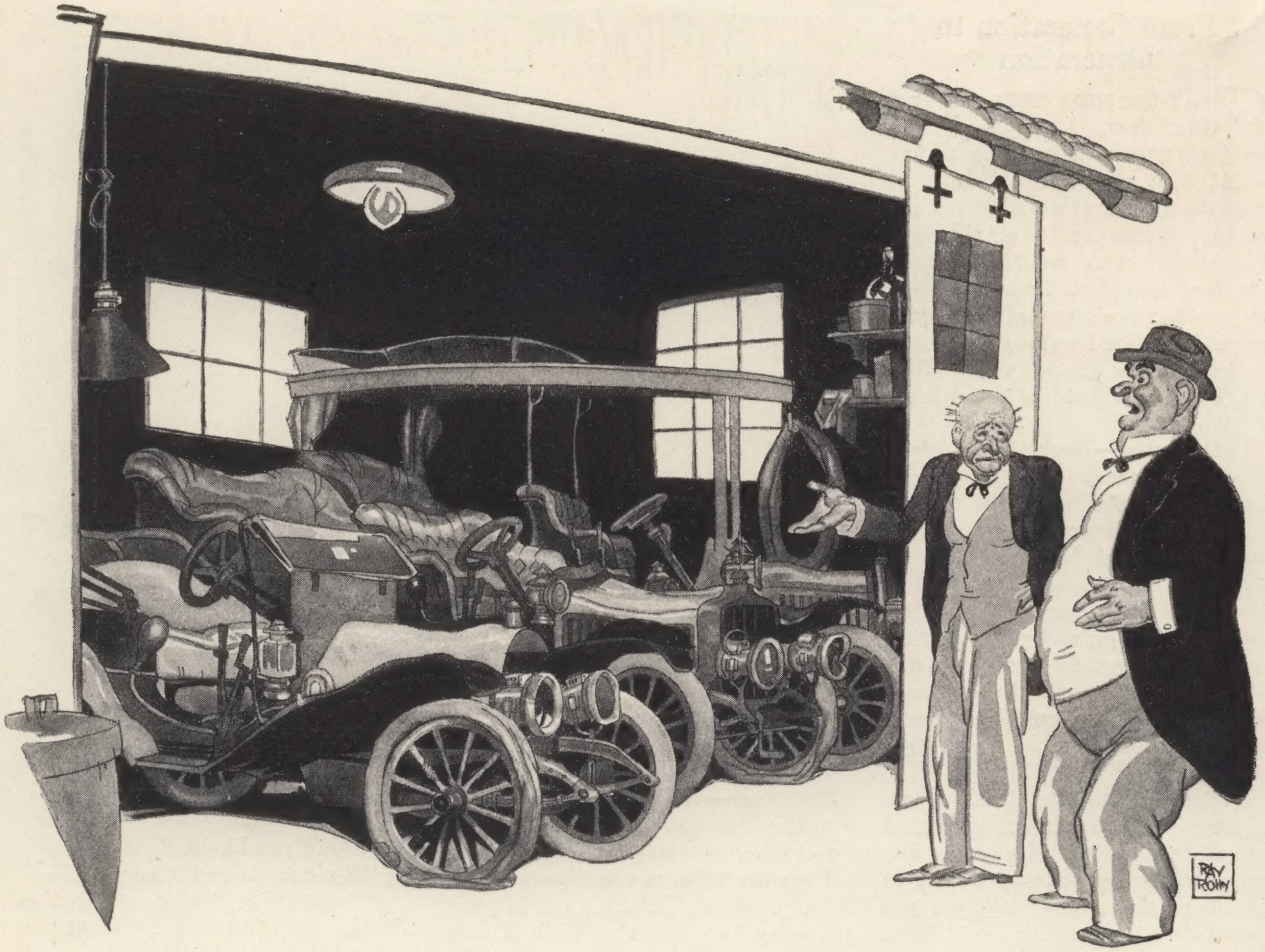
"Gude leopard. Hard fight. I brave man, strong man. I get him for you. Wear him."

"I—I no want—leopard, Mckligln. I say panther—black panther, I say."

"Ggrrrrr! I kill him leopard. You wear him."

"I—"

Biff! Biff! Biff!



"I used to own two good cars, but my wife became an antique fan."

A Roman Holiday

"BY CRACKY!" shouted Cato, gleefully, "wouldn't it be eggs in the coffee if we could get all the old crowd together for a grand reunion of the Famous Native Sons of Rome? Durned if I don't try it!"

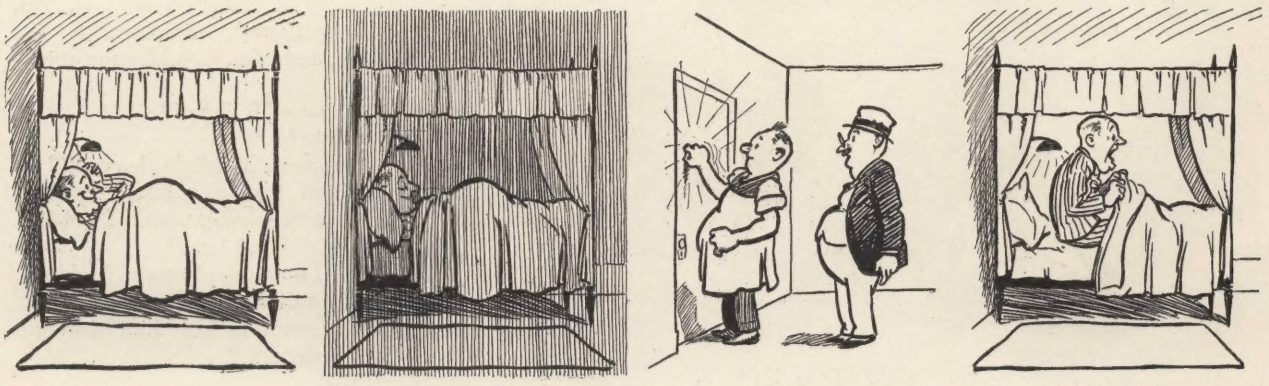
And after calling upon the secretaries of the Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, Rotary, Optimists and half a dozen other luncheon clubs for ideas, Cato sent out the following form letter to all the boys who first put Rome on the map:

"Say, Buddy: Shine up the old sandals, pin a new ribbon on the togas and double time toot sweet to the old home town next week!

"Big doings, bo! First grand reunion of the Native Sons of Rome! All the old gang will rally round and, buddy, we want to see *your* smiling face, too!

"Cast your limpid orbs over just a part of the program, kid, and then buy a one-way ticket:

"Nero is going to drag along his old fiddle, grab it around the neck



Perils of sleeping in a New England inn.

The first bathing girl cover.

and saw out some of the obbligatos he played when the Roman smoke-eaters strutted their stuff!

"Marc Antony will be there with Cleopat! (Hot doggie!)

"Romulus and Remus allow they're going to show that they're wolves and it's their night to howl! Y-i-i-p-e-e-e-e!

"Brutus is going to make a stab at seeing that Caesar gets it in the neck again!

"Maximus is going to put on the rip-snortinest, all-star seventeen-ring circus you ever saw, and Horatius will stand guard on the old bridge night and day to keep the prohis out!

"Hot dog! Sweet mamma! Oh, boy! Zowie!

"Shake a leg, jazzbo, and don't miss this meeting. Let's show the rest of these birds that Rome is the snappiest town in the cockeyed world! All together now, whoop 'er up!" *Chet Johnson*

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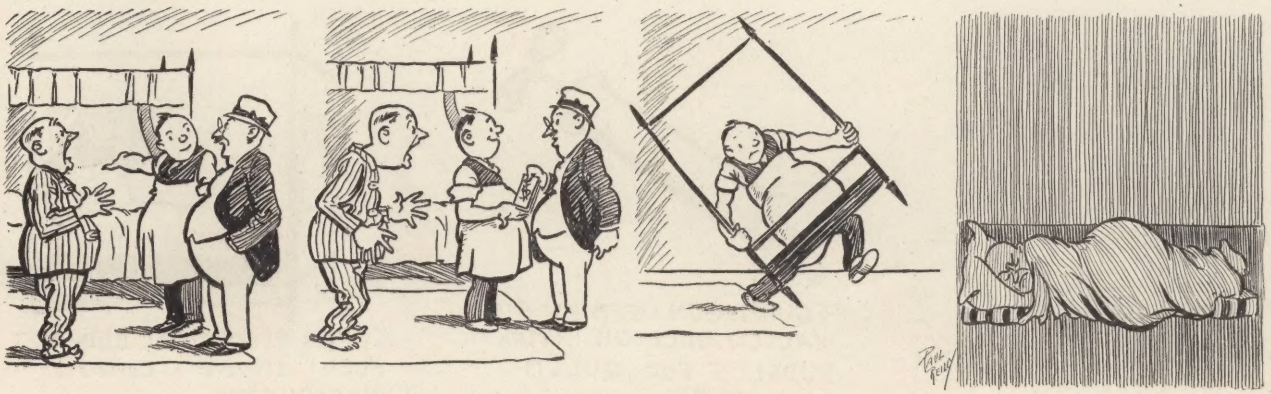
The millennium has arrived—a Scotsman is writing free verse!



Perils of sleeping in a New England inn.

ADAM'S MARRIAGE LICENSE

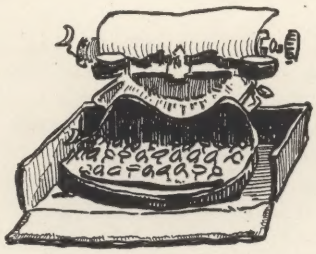
PHOTOGRAPH OF EVE'S MOTHER (VERY RARE)

NOAH'S RUBBERS

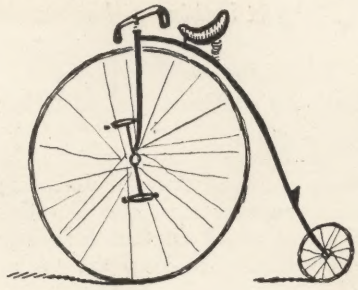
NIGHT-CLUB TICKETS USED BY THE PRODIGAL SON

RAILROAD-GUIDE USED BY ALEXANDER THE GREAT WHILE LOOKING FOR NEW WORLDS

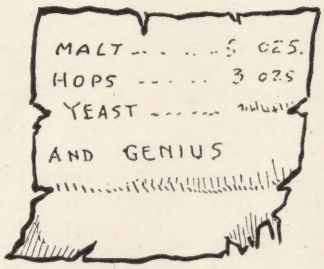
MATCH USED BY NERO



SHAKESPEARE'S CORONA



PAUL REVERE'S BICYCLE (EXCELLENT CONDITION)



RIP VAN WINKLE'S RECIPE

HALF-DOLLAR TIP GIVEN BY ROCKEFELLER

SQUIRT-GUN USED BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH IN MAKING PUDDLES FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH

GENUINE COLONIAL BED, NOT SLEPT IN BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

RARE PIECES

A Reincarnationist to His Love

WHEN pterodactyls terrible
And dinosaurs were dinning—
In other words, when arable
Terrain was just beginning—
Our love served its novitiate;
And thence by divers stages
Through Tyre, though it sounds fishy, it
Attained the Middle Ages.

The Middle Ages aging then,
Our love continued going;
The passion we were staging then,
My dear, continues showing:
And since, cerebro-spinally,
We're what we were before us—
Why marvel, Love, that finally
So thoroughly we bore us?

Gardner Rea

Antiques—Inside and Out

ANTIQUE shoppes are all alike, inside and out. There is always a spinning wheel on the lawn. And it is always rumored that Martha Washington used to go for a spin on it every morning. Inside there is always a spinnet, a spindle leg chair, a spinach plate of pewter and an old-fashioned New England spinster. And so, the spins of the forefathers are visited by their children even unto financial embarrassment.

There may or may not be a little boy playing outside, but there are sure to be six or seven highboys and low boys laying inside—laying in wait—laying in wait for eggs who think everything for sale in New England came over on the *Mayflower*. Antique worshipers are all of the impression that that venerable old ship was about twice the size of the *Leviathan* and ran in sections.

Outside there is always an old-fashioned pansy bed. Inside, an old-fashioned four-poster bed.

It will be whispered, at the top of any given pair of lungs, that George Washington slept in this bed once. Thus bringing to light the first great political scandal of the United States. The practice is still in vogue. It seems that during Washington's leadership of the Army and his subsequent presidency he malappropriated millions for expense (but not one cent for tribute), touring the country, sleeping in beds for prominent Colonial furniture houses such as Windsors, Inc. He sometimes slept in two or three beds a night. This was the old-fashioned method of indorsing things. For example, when Dolly Madison wanted to indorse a cold cream, she slept in it for a night. *Carroll*

No fool like an old fool!

EVEN IN THOSE DAYS

THE PEDESTRIAN—*The taxi chairs are getting more reckless every day!*

HIGH HAT

What next! What next! As our friend Mr. Houghton says so ably on page 13 . . . . . Now we have with us the Hot Cocktail! . . . . . An English friend of mine landed here last week and burst into my spacious apartment (advt.) so, naturally, being a perfect host, I started to mix him a cocktail. . . . . I was just about to take some ice from my spacious ice box when he cried, "Rully, old chap, do you mean to tell me you Amurricans still drink your cocktails cold? The only way to really enjoy them is hot!" . . . . . Well, as I said before, being a perfect host and willing to try anything once, I emptied the contents of the shaker into a pan and let 'er sizzle! . . . . . The rest of the week is really very vague to me. . . . . They were "Hot" all right!

Knowing that January would be a very snappy month socially, and being one of the sort who would rather go out than read a book (H-ll! who wouldn't!), I turned the reviewing of books over to my sister. And this is what she has to report. . . . . "Read 'Babbie' by Margaret Somebody Chalmers and, my dear, ... it's just too ducky for words! . . . . . You must read it! . . . . . and then there was another book. . . . . I almost finished that and it was too adorable . . . . . but I can't remember the name . . . . . you must read it."

Have got to revise my list of the Six Best Step-ins again. Montmarte still heads the list, and, while I haven't even been there yet, I'm going to put Charlot's Rendezvous second because anything connected with Beatrice Lillie, Margaret Lawrence and Jack Buchanan *must* be good! Mirador next . . . . Ciro's . . . . . Lido and Chantee.

Cliff Edwards has a new record out of Berlin's "Remember" that's a humdinger.

The Six Best "Steppers":
"That Certain Feeling"—(*Tip-Toes*).
"Sweet & Low Down"—(*Tip-Toes*).
"When Do We Dance"—(*Tip-Toes*).
"You Have Me, I Have You"—(*Greenwich Follies*).
"Go South"—(*Greenwich Follies*).
"Five Foot Two"—(*No Show*).

Gordon Jr.

Headlines We'd Like to Read

Congress Votes High Tax on Banana Oil, Bologny, Apple Sauce and So's Your Father.

Citizens Given Authority to Smash Neighbors' Pianos at First Note of "That's My Baby."

"Not Guilty," Verdict of Jury Trying Man for Killing Bass Who Sang "Asleep in the Deep."

Custard Pie Hurler Sought; Fat Girl Hit After Referring To Self as "Just Little Me."

Crazed Radio Fan Runs Amuck; Slays Musical Saw Soloist and Maims Sweet-voiced Announcer.

Actor Badly Beaten by Mob After Threatening to Give Imitation of Harry Lauder.

Chet Johnson

LIZZIE LABELS

Even our closest friends tell us the insidious things about it.

JUDGE pays $5 for each one printed.

SHOPPER—*I want something for a fancy dress ball.*
SHOPGIRL (*sweetly*)—*A mask prehaps?*

Ad Infinitum

I'VE overhauled my limousine,
I've made the drab adjoining lot
Into a lovely garden spot,
I've roofed the house with shingles green.
The porch I have enclosed, I've not
Neglected anything, I've kept
The place in A1 shape, except—
The lid falls off our coffeepot.

Of course, perhaps I have time for
The mending, yet I dodge the thing.
What if perchance the wife should bring
A percolator from the store. . . .
I've torn partitions out, and what
A slew of papering—and so
My mind's at ease at last, although—
The lid falls off our coffeepot.

I hold it, burn my thumb a lot,
Or quite forget, and break a cup
When I am in a rush to sup
And pour the coffee steaming hot.
On our escutcheon 'tis one blot.
My good intentions come to nil,
I'll fix it some day sure—and still—
The lid falls off our coffeepot.

George A. Paravicini

WHAT IS THE YOUNGER GENERATION COMING TO?

"Well, Dixmude, my brother sure struck pay dirt."
"How's that, Vermifuge?"
"Oh, he just made a hit with that new sex play of his on Broadway."

FUNNYBONES

The slogan of to-day: If at first you don't succeed, open a real estate office!

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Ten Reasons for Avoiding Movie Houses

1. The girl who went out last night and had an unforgetable time.
2. The woman who doesn't remove her hat until she's good and settled.
3. The fellow who has all the inside technical dope at his finger's ends, not to mention his tongue's tip.
4. The lady who never thought that actress was much good-looking.
5. The man who loses his keys under the seat and has the usher come to find them for him.
6. The cynical child who interprets each amorous clinch at the end of the picture and accordingly applauds.
7. The flapper who has her decided preferences among the male stars and is ready to tell you why.
8. The lady who isn't sure whether she locked her door, but would like to stay to the end.
9. The tot who wants to know when the comedy will begin.
10. The picture. *Simonetta*

It probably wasn't an apple at all.

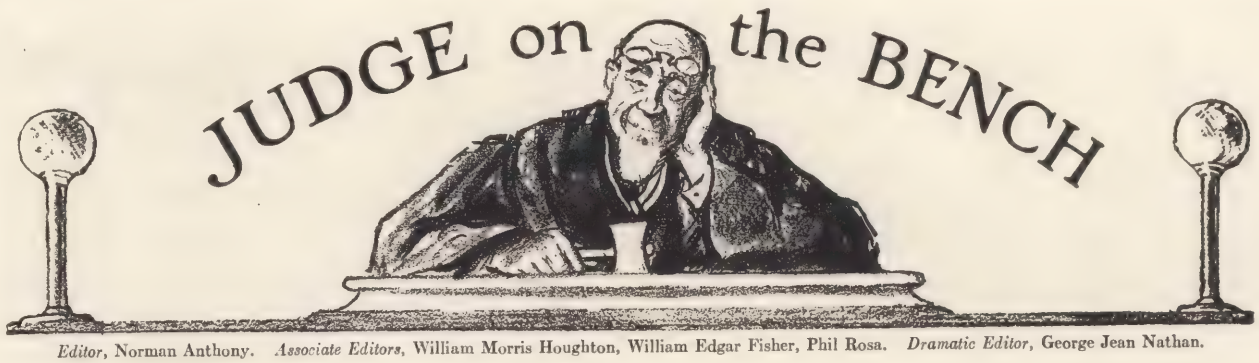
Ballads of a Husband

Man Overboard
or
Throw Out the Lifeline

THE sea of matrimony
Is sometimes very rough,
So, for the average person,
One voyage is enough.

R. C. O'B.

Ye Olde Antique Shoppe



Editor, Norman Anthony. *Associate Editors*, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan.

According to Governor Pinchot, his administration "is standing upon its two hind legs for enforcement of the law." Pawing the air?

Strike Three!

After the elections last fall we were happy to record that Detroit, Buffalo, Louisville and Virginia licked the Ku Klux Klan, and licked it in open fights with the issue frankly drawn. Now we are pleased to note a few more significant drubbings, quite as decisive in their way, though of a different nature.

The *American Standard*, organ of the Klan, is dead. As the New York *World* puts it, "driving the dirk into its bosom, it dies on its own motion and goes out like a fading whisper." What ho! patriots of the cow pasture; not to say, wherefore?

In New Haven some six hundred Klansmen have resigned from the order after appealing to the people to "stamp out this serpent that threatens the very life of our Nation." This, we think, is unduly flattering the Klan's importance. Some of the other expressions credited to Arthur S. Mann, former Kligrapp and leader of the exodus, suit us better. For example:

"No American worthy of the name can longer affiliate with an organization such as the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan of Georgia, Inc., now is (or ever was—Ed. note) and maintain his self-respect."

"The Klan has degenerated into nothing less than an organization of greed."

"It has become a travesty on patriotism and blasphemous caricature professing Protestantism. It is not only anti-Catholic and anti-Jew, but absolutely anti-American and anti-Protestant."

Amen! Only, it always was!

* * * * *

And, finally, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile and Family Court, Denver, Colo., has emerged triumphant over his Klan foes. The Colorado Supreme Court has dismissed the appeal of the Klan against his re-election.

We need hardly remind our readers who Judge Ben Lindsey is. For more than a generation he has personified for this country the sympathetic, commonsensible attitude toward erring parents and wayward children. When Roosevelt reigned and the solution of social riddles seemed as romantic an undertaking as the seven labors of Hercules, Judge Lindsey was a national hero. Unlike most of the other national heroes of that far-off time he has been sawing wood ever since, and, by the grace of God and a few grateful and intelligent voters of Colorado, he is still judge of the Court he made nationally famous. Only by their grace, however, for in the months just preceding his last election, he denounced the Klan; he deprecated the spirit of racial and religious intolerance which gave it birth; he pleaded for a rational liberalism in American life which would give the citizen, young or old, a chance to exercise his own moral force unhampered by legislative and extra-legislative taboos. It is interesting to recall that in spite of the record of this man and the unusual esteem in which he was held nationally, the Klan almost "got" him. He won his re-election only by a narrow margin over his Klan opponent and has had to fight for it since through to the highest Court of the State.

It is also interesting to recall that in the meantime proceedings for disbarment upon charges of unethical conduct, made by former clients, were presented to the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association against his Klan opponent, and that the night of the day they were to be finally heard the latter was found dead in his kitchen with all the gas jets turned on.

* * * * *

When we were young the rule used to be "three strikes and out." But, of course, those days are dead and gone and we must expect to see the Klan continue at bat. Only in a much weakened condition and looking less like Babe Ruth and more like Casey at every swing.

Locksmiths

The Lord's Day Alliance has decided to introduce into the New York Legislature at Albany a bill to padlock places of business or amusement that violate the Sabbath law. Why not? Is there anything sacred about the Volstead law that its violators alone should be subject to this species of confiscation? By all means let us padlock the premises of those who displease the Lord's Day Alliance, and, to be consistent, all places that violate the fire rules or the sanitary code or the smoke ordinances or the labor laws, not to mention those that obstruct the sidewalk with packing cases, that abuse their truck horses, that misrepresent their goods, that cheat their customers. And having thus barricaded more or less permanently every place of business everywhere, let us retire to our homes and take in each other's washing and praise God and the Anti-Saloon League and the Lord's Day Alliance that we live in a free country—free, that is, of sin and all constitutional restrictions.

W. M. H.

JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

If you wish my opinion on the merits of "The Monkey Talks" as drama, I'll say it is poor. But if you wish my opinion on its merits as a theatrical stunt, I'll say it is pretty good. In the way of novelty the exhibit hasn't been matched since Bernarr Macfadden last had his hair cut. To be sure, we have had no end of plays in which the leading man was dressed, looked and acted like a monkey, but this is the first one we have had in which the leading man is forthrightly and honestly listed on the program as one.

This monkey, so goes the fable, is in love with a beautiful slack-wire hussy, who, in turn, reserves her yen for the monkey impersonator's handsome boss. So the monkey, under whose disguise there beats the heart of a pitiable human being, eats out his passion in silence, the while the fair one of his passion gives herself to his master. W. J. Locke out of Alf Ringling, as you will note. But, for all the apparent sentimentality of the theme, you'll find some diversion in the way the Frenchman, Fauchois, has handled it and, more particularly, in the admirable representation of the monkey by the little Parisian actor, Jacques Lerner. This Lerner's monkey is an astonishingly lifelike creation. You can do everything but smell him, and I venture to say that those sitting down front can do that. In walk, squeak, aspect and manner, the fellow is as real as anything you'll see at the zoo.

The play itself is less a play than a combination of circus and vaudeville. Among the interesting novelties it offers are a gent, who does the Charleston on stilts, an episode in which a libidinous countess seeks to make the monkey her gigolo, and a view of the charming Miss Martha-Bryan Allen's equally charming legs up to the waistline. If you hog-

"In a Garden" (Plymouth)—Pirandello in the kindergarten. Dull.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—English schoolboys and sex. Interesting.

"Earl Carroll Vanities" (Carroll)—Tinney, Tannen and Cook and a lively show.

"The Green Hat" (Broadhurst)—High-falutin flapdoodle.

"The Monkey Talks" (Harris)—Amusing circus play.

"Stronger Than Love" (Belasco)—Ancient windjammer.

"Merchants of Glory" (Guild)—Moderately interesting French play on the capitalization of war's dead.

"A Man's Man" (52d St.)—Meritorious study of the American boob.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The estimable Brothers Marx.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Commendable comedy-drama by George Kelly.

"A Lady's Virtue" (Bijou)—Venerable piffle.

"Song of the Flame" (44th Street)—To be reviewed next week.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Trash.

"Beware of Widows" (Elliott)—Cheap attempt at comedy.

"The Enemy" (Times Square)—Obvious anti-war preachment.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Funny.

"The Butter and Egg Man" (Longacre)—Ditto.

"Princess Flavia" (Century)—"Zenda" to music. Satisfactory evening.

"Easy Virtue" (Empire)—Good first act; thereafter, blooie.

"The Vortex" (Miller)—English fast life in terms of grease paint.

"Hamlet" (Heckscher)—Excellent presentation of the classic in modern duds.

"Androcles and the Lion" (Klaw)—Shaw at his best.

"The Master of the Inn" (Little)—Sentimental drivel.

"Sunny" (New Ansterdam)—Splendid dancing show.

"Twelve Miles Out" (Playhouse)—Rum fleet melodrama.

"The Master Builder" (Princess)—Papa Ibsen redivivus.

"The School for Scandal" (Eltinge)—The former Gladys Wallis as La Teazle.

"One of the Family" (49th St.)—Feeble stuff.

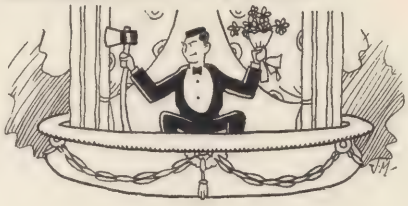
"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—English crooks.

"Easy Come, Easy Go" (Biltmore)—American crooks.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—To be reviewed next week.

"Young Blood" (Ritz)—Weak comedy about the young of the species.

"Tip-Toes" (Liberty)—Gershwin's jazz.



gishly want more than that, there's nothing left for you to do, I suppose, but to go up and spend your money on Walter Hampden's "Merchant of Venice."

II

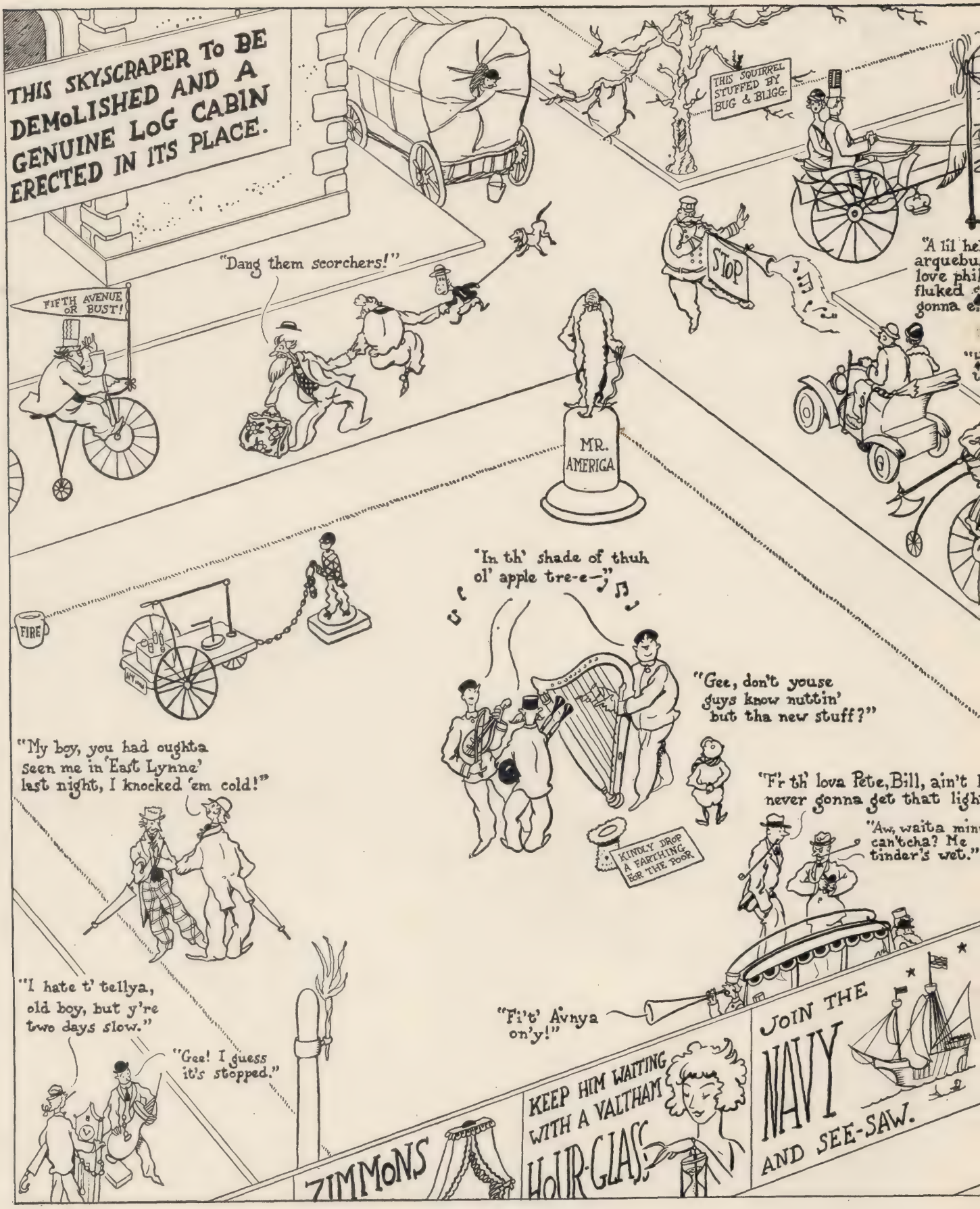
Of the two musical shows before which I deposited my regal seat during the week, to wit, the new "Greenwich Village Follies" and the new Earl Carroll "Vanities," the latter is much the better. Carroll, unlike the producers of the other show, has held a long and earnest conference with himself and has come out of it with the praiseworthy theory that humor, after all, isn't such a bad thing to have in a show. He has therefore given up buying real Scotch for a few months and has invested his money instead in the Messrs. Tinney, Tannen and Cook who, with the exception perhaps of Tinney, a zany who has fallen off a lot, contribute immensely to the jocosity of the evening. Tannen's intimate monologues continue to be the delight of this edition of the "Vanities" as they were of the previous one, and Cook's act in which he gives an imitation of a man who studied singing so hard for twelve years that he didn't get a chance to shave and in which he reads a bedtime story to the audience and works himself up to a high pitch of excitement over the plot is funnier than anything he has done before.

In addition to these estimable comiques, Dr. Carroll has done well by his selection of the ladies of the ensemble and by his other painted scenic adornments. The music alone is very sour. For the rest, the show is genuinely entertaining.

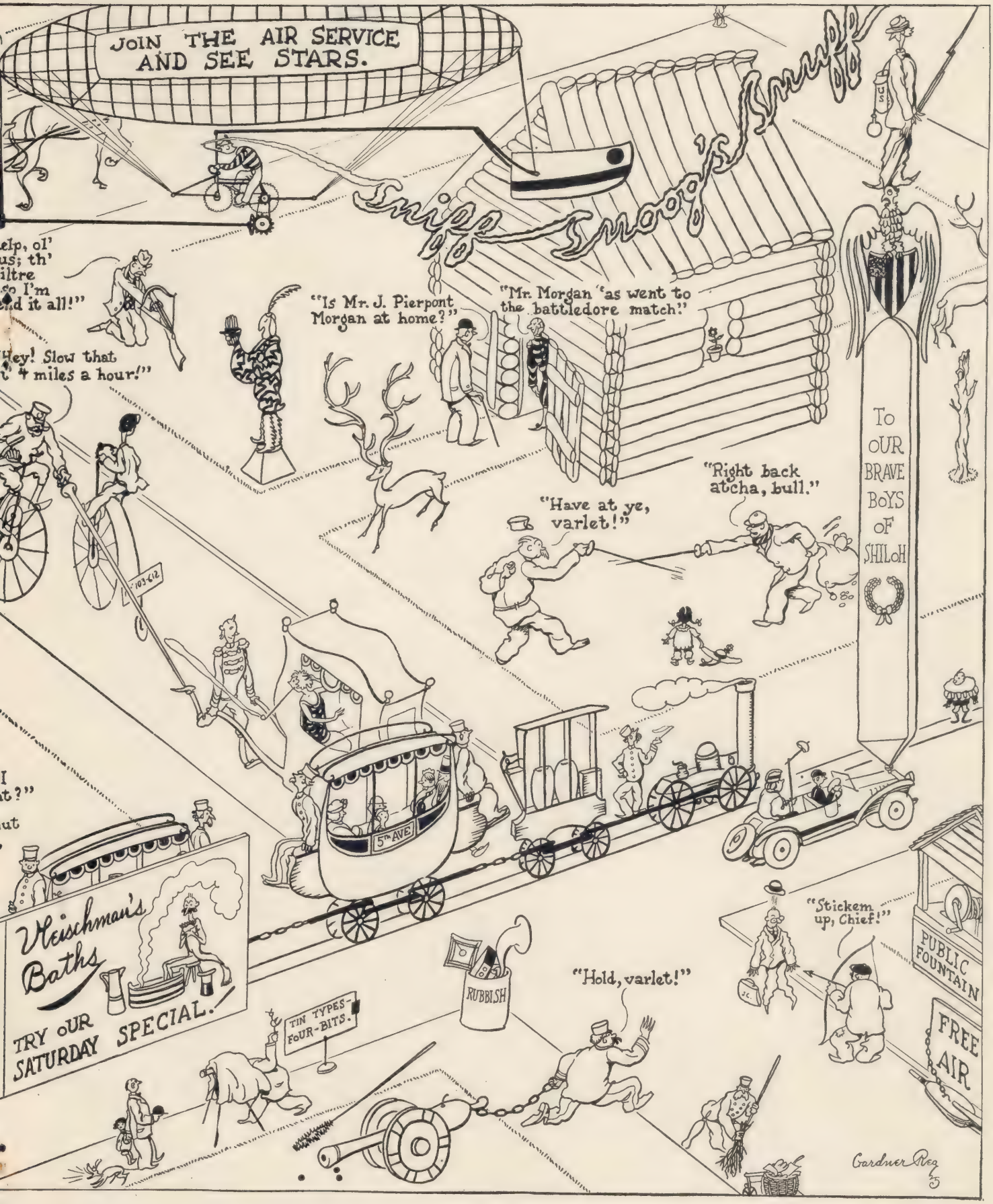
The "Greenwich Village Follies," on the other hand, while not without moments of physical attractiveness, is as humorless as the late Orison

(*Continued on page 28*)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS
"SEE THIS STICKPIN? - IT BELONGED TO A MILLIONAIRE!"
"WHO?"
"WOOLWORTH!"
"BY THE WAY"
"DO YOU KNOW WHAT A BLUEPRINT IS?"
"SURE - IT'S AN OYSTER!"
"THE COCOANUTS"
"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES"
"WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT SHOVEL?"
"I'VE GOT A COUPLA GIRLS AN' I'M GONNER DIG UP ANOTHER MAN"
I'LL DIE LAFFIN!
"HERE - POUR THAT BACK INTO THE LAMP!!!"
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"
T. JEFFERSON MACHAMER


THIS SKYSCRAPER TO BE DEMOLISHED AND A GENUINE LOG CABIN ERECTED IN ITS PLACE.
THIS SQUIRREL STUFFED BY BUG & BLIGG
"Dang them scorchers!"
FIFTH AVENUE OR BUST!
STOP
MR. AMERIGA
FIRE
"In th' shade of thuh ol' apple tre-e—"
"Gee, don't youse guys know nuttin' but tha new stuff?"
KINDLY DROP A FARTHING FOR THE POOR
"My boy, you had oughta seen me in 'East Lynne' last night, I knocked 'em cold!"
"I hate t' tellya, old boy, but y're two days slow."
"Gee! I guess it's stopped."
"Fi't' Avnya on'y!"
"Aw, waita min can'tcha? Me tinder's wet."
ZIMMONS
KEEP HIM WAITING WITH A VALTHAM
HAIR-GLASS
JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE-SAW.

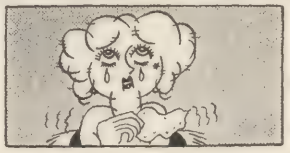
IF THE ANTIQUE CRAZE

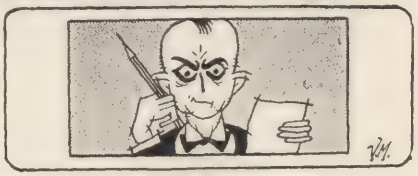


SPREADS MUCH FURTHER!

JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton





"*Stella Dallas*"—A story of mother love gone cuckoo, but well acted.

"*The Big Parade*"—The great war picture. Too good to miss, if you can get a seat.

"*The Road to Yesterday*"—Expensively upholstered hokum with a bit of theosophy and a lot of love.

"*The Masked Bride*"—The fetching Mae Murray picks an unpleasant husband.

"*The Best Bad Man*"—A dam is dynamited and Tom Mix rules the waves.

"*Clothes Make the Pirate*"—The tighter Leon Errol gets, the looser are his legs.

"*His People*"—Rudolph Schildkraut well cast in a sentimental drama of the Ghetto.

"*Seven Sinners*"—Good until the sinners get virtuous, and then terrible!

"*We Moderns*"—The winsome Colleen Moore becomes sadder and wiser in a Zeppelin crash.

"*A Woman of the World*"—The seductive Pola Negri in an excellent picture adapted from Van Vechten's "The Tattooed Countess."

"*Time, the Comedian*"—Time symbolized as a clown finally foils the villain.

"*The Golden Cocoon*"—A poor plot to which a lot of characters have been violently fitted.

"*Siegfried*"—The great German film; better than seeing the opera.

"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart at his best. Ride 'em, cowboy!

IN ADAPTING "Lady Windermere's Fan" for screen production, Ernst Lubitsch, so his press agent informs the world, found himself embarrassed with brilliant epigrams. There were too many, by far, in the original Wilde text to serve as titles in his picture. So he abandoned them altogether and made his own titles.

But that isn't all of the Wilde play he abandoned. In substituting typical Hollywood titles for Wilde's epigrams he abandoned the whole atmosphere of smooth, smart sophistication in which the play moves. And he picked players in keeping with his alterations. Irene Rich would have made a passable Mrs. Erlynne if she hadn't been coached to interpret the rôle with too many heavings of the breast. But Ronald Colman as Lord Darlington, May McAvoy as Lady Windermere and Bert Lytell as Lord Windermere are "just folks." Of the whole cast only Edward Martindale, as Lord Augustus Lorton, and Carrie Daumery as the Duchess of Berwick, suggest the kind of people about whom Wilde wrote.

As if to confirm this impression, Irene Rich, at the performance I attended, appeared in person and answered some questions which fans had propounded to her in writing. One had to do with the health and whereabouts of her two little daughters. Another, and quite the most popular of the series, was whether she had bobbed her hair. (As Mrs. Erlynne she wears the latest style of shingled bob.) No, she was glad to tell her friends, she had not bobbed her hair; she had put on a wig. (Prolonged applause.)

I think, if Oscar Wilde could have been in that audience, he would have lived up to his name.

HERBERT BRENON has done infinitely better with Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." If Barrie's cleverness caused him any initial embarrassment he evidently overcame the weakness manfully, for he has preserved Barrie's text in his titles

(*Continued on page 29*)

"It's certainly nice, flappy, to have a college boy along in this freezing weather."

If prosperous collectors dressed in harmony with their antiques.

Old Stuff

American Antiques, Inc., was probably the best-known antique factory in our town. It was connected to Grand Rapids by means of a special railroad track. The new furniture came in the back way and two days later went out the front way, only it aged several hundred years in those two days.

I certainly felt sorry for the sucker tourists who drove past Sundays and fell for the old farmhouse that had been built up around the front yard. I used to look out of my window and laugh myself sick seeing them carry away Windsor chairs that "had been in the family for 300 years, but were being sold now to send Marthy to school in the big city." Marthy was Jake Ginsberg. The Windsor chairs were still trai. sick from their long ride from Grand Rapids and Jake had just bought a new Cadillac.

But I've quit laughing.

About a month ago I was 'way up in the Maine woods and spent the night at an old country farmhouse. You know, the kind where you can be sure that all of the stuff is real. And there I saw a lovely Duncan Phyfe table. I examined it closely and it certainly was genuine. I estimated it at least 200 years old. So I wired Jake: "Can buy real Duncan Phyfe for my home. Legs have worm holes and top is broken in two. Price two hundred and fifty. Shall I buy it?"

Jake wired back: "Are there any live worms in it?" I wired him: "Yes, counted eight." Jake answered: "Does top squeak when you press?" I wired, "Yes." Jake answered: "Buy it. It's a bargain."

A week later I had it set up in the front room and invited Jake to come over and look at it. "Pretty old, eh, Jake?" I proudly announced; "the real thing, if there ever was one."

But I noticed a strange look in Jake's eyes, as he examined a worm, which was coming out of a worm hole in the top. "Why, it's even got worms in it," I gloated, poking Jake in the ribs.

"Worms, yes," answered Jake. "That's the trouble. This table was shipped from my factory last week. *That's* one of my trained worms. Here, Ignatz," Jake called, whistling.

And, to my astonishment, from every part of the table—from hundreds of worm holes, came the trained and true worms of American Antiques, etc. *Hugh Wood*

Caution

Mrs. Saylor—Henry, are you trying to keep something from me?

Mr. Saylor—No, dear, Just from the neighbors.

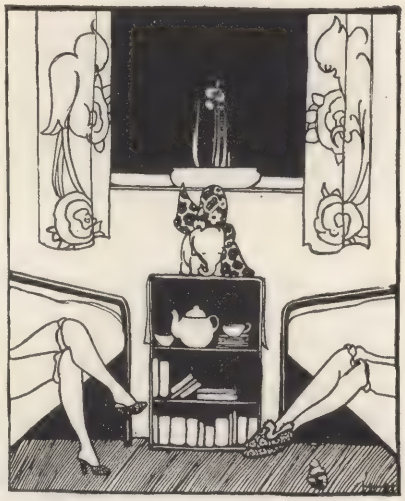
Girlomine

Your eyes, my dear, do not remind me
Of stars in evening waters dipped;
The silken fetters of your hair don't bind me—
How could they, when you wear 'em clipped?

Your mouth may seem a startling, scarlet flower,
But if it does, it's one I'll never see;
Your neck does not suggest an ivory tower,
In fact, it looks just like a neck to me.

You do not dance like leaves or blossoms airy,
But, flesh and blood, you more robustly whirl:
You're just a girl, no goddess, queen or fairy,
But what a girl, old darling, what a girl! *Thomas Pye*

A collector of antiques discovers a rare old chest.



ROOM—*I found fifty cents on your bed.*

MATE—*Oh, those are my sleeping quarters.* —VASSAR VAGABOND

"Do you find it hard meeting expenses?"

"Gosh, no, I meet them everywhere."

—*Pitt Panther*

"I think the Charleston is awful."

"I can't learn it either." —*Brown Jug*

"The crying need of our day is more handkerchiefs!" shouted the manufacturer.

—*Denison Flamingo*

My friend Dora is off again. She thinks that the hemlock is an attachment for a sewing machine.

—*Cornell Widow*

Jack—I didn't know Bill was deaf.

Harry—I d'dn't either. How do you know?

"I tried to borrow ten dollars from h'm and he said, I can't hear you.'"

—*Texas Ranger*

American divorces are more or less cut and dried, so why not call them hay-widows?

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

Big Hearted

Prisoner—This is the end! I go to the electric chair to-morrow.

Sweetheart—Don't give up all hope yet, dear. I've brought you a pair of shock absorbers.

—*Oregon Orange Owl*

Mother—Pet, what are you thankful for to-day?

Pet—Oh, I'm thankful daddy gave me $5 when I didn't see him kiss nursie.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader*

FATHER (reading letter from son at college)—*I'm a quarterback of the football squad now.*

MOTHER—*Send him two bits to get out of debt, Pa.* —TEXAS RANGER

"Snapshots of industrious students."
—MICHIGAN GARGOYLE

He—Haven't I seen you some place before?

She—You do seem rather fresh in my mind.

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

Trom—Have you heard the "Livery Stable Blues"?

Bone—No. How is it?

"Words are fine, but the air is bad."

—*Iowa Frivol*

She laughs at his wit,
But it's not from delight.
He has not made a hit,
She has teeth that are white.

—*M I T Voo Doo*

Koncoct a klause kontaining Virginia.
You have to pay more Virginia do for beer.

—*Colgate Banter*

"You should have seen Mabelle dance the Charleston last night."

Dance nothing! She was just standing there watching, and a June bug fell down her back."

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

LEADERS

Lament

I'm under a delightful curse
I must express myself in verse—
In verse that pays.
If I desire to make her mine
I must express my love in rhyme—
In ron-da-lays.
Her eyes are brown, her hair cow-
red;
I fear her figure's too well fed—
That will not sell.
And if I write of hearts so true
They needs must rhyme with eyes of
blue—
And I'll get hell.
If I make rhymes with hair cow-red
They will not sell. We can't be wed.
The same is true
If I write verse with hair of brown;
My red-head goil will throw me down.
So what to do?

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

***

First Stewed—I say, old chap, don't you know that wolves come in packs?

Second Stewed—That's nothing, so do Camels.

—*Wabash Caveman*

Says Ikey of Hacklebarney: Our cow quit giving milk so we sold him.

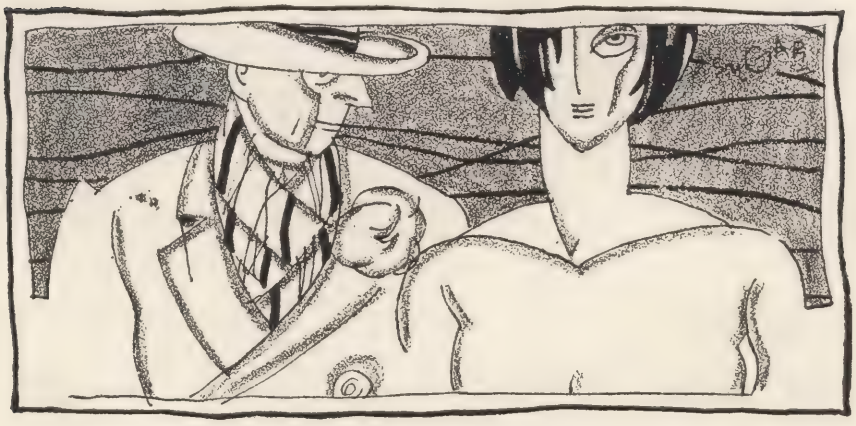
—*Texas Ranger.*

"Yes, Jeremiah, Alice said that last night she dreamed she was dancing with you."

"You thrill me all to pieces, Hezekiah."

"—and then she woke up to find her kid b'other pounding her feet with a flat iron."

—OHIO STATE SUN DIAL



"What kind of a husband would you advise me to get?"
"You get a single man and let the husbands alone."

—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

EFFIE—*Pa, I wanna join the Transcontinental Air Mail Service.*

PA—*Nopey, nopey, Sugar Plum. No daughter of mine will ever be a fly-by-night.* —YALE RECORD

Surprise

As he gazed into her glowing eyes, a throbbing thrill suffused his inner being. After all, she was his, and he would cling to her forever. He wrapped his big bronzed hand around her tiny white one, and planted a gentle kiss upon her upturned lips.

And now, dear readers, comes the surprise of the evening, for it was not his pet cow, or a saxophone, but his own dear sweetheart, and he loved her dearly.

—*Oregon Orange Owl*

***

"So you claim your girl don't neck?"

"That's what I said. My girl is a lady. She's the paramour of decency."

"And what did she do when you tried to neck her?"

"She hit me over the head with a bottle of Scotch and told me to get the hell out of her house."

—*Gettysburg Cannon Bawl*

***

He—Something seems to be wrong with this engine, it—

She—Don't talk foolish, wait until we get off this main road.

—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

Investment Bureau

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The Outlook Assuring

by Theodore Williams

FORECASTS for 1926, while generally optimistic, are not flamboyant. In the main they are conservative in tone. They anticipate a continued growth in prosperity for the next few months, but doubt that there will be a boom. They intimate that 1925 made so splendid a record that 1926 is unlikely to equal, much less surpass it. This caution on the part of the prophets may be wise, for it excites no undue hopes, and paves no path for disappointment.

A great deal may happen during the current twelvemonth to confute the keenest foresight, but there is at present no definite black cloud in our industrial, commercial and financial skies. Possible labor controversies, radical legislation and competition from abroad do not appear sufficiently adverse influences to check or retard the nation's material progress. The ships of industry, commerce and finance seem as staunch as the ship of state, and are under a momentum which should last for the remainder of the year. Pessimistic foretellers of to-day should not forget what happened to their clan in 1925. The major mood and trend favor steady development in most lines of activity. There is no widespread inflation or wildness of speculation. The New Year may prove humdrum, but probably few, at the end, will have cause to complain.

Much in the same way as the country goes forward should be the action of the securities market. The big advances of 1925 may not be duplicated in the already very high issues (though some of these may go still higher). But the market should remain a bull one, which means that values will be well maintained and not seriously broken down at any time. The chief opportunities for advancing prices may be furnished by new listings, and there may now and then be periods of animation rivaling those of the past year. The newcomers on the exchanges should be watched carefully, for in them may lie the chances for the largest profits.

Answers to Inquiries

L., NEW YORK CITY: The 8 per cent. Cumulative Participating preferred stock issued by G. L. Miller & Co., the widely known real estate mortgage bond house, is a meritorious issue. The company's yearly net earnings amount to several times the dividend requirements of this issue. The company stipulates that the preferred stock shall first be offered to it, by any buyer who wishes to liquidate his purchase. This seems to provide a market for the shares.

B., BUFFALO, N. Y.: The matter with Standard Oil of Kansas is the lack of earnings. It suffered a deficit in 1924, and no particularly good news has been given out this year. I do not favor purchase of the stock. It is better not to buy stocks merely because they belong to a certain group, or on a speculative chance. It would be better to buy stocks like the Texas Co., Union Oil of California, and Sinclair Consolidated Oil pfd.

B., NO. PROVIDENCE, R. I.: The North American Co. is strong and expanding. The dividend this year on common was 10 per cent. in common stock, nearly $7 at present market price. The extra stock will be valuable when cash dividends are paid on it. When the stock will again reach its high of $75 cannot of course be foreseen.

B., BERKLEY, CAL.: The Brunswick Balke, Collender Co.'s earnings in the first half of this year were very poor. One of the company's officials explained that it made large cuts in prices in its musical machines with a view to selling out the stock to make way for the new device, the Panatrope, a combination radio and talking machine, of which great things are expected. The new machine, however, did not get on the market until months after the date fixed, and in the meantime the company made little profit on its old machines. A big selling campaign for the Panatrope is promised. It seems better to hold your shares than to sell at a loss.

G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Northern Pacific R. R. stock, as its price shows, is more highly regarded than Studebaker common, although the latter makes the better return. Studebaker seems for a time at least to have discounted its future, but it has merit of course. Northern Pacific has had a share of recent railroad prosperity, and there are those who hope that it will yet resume its old dividend of $7 per year.

M., PALO ALTO, CAL.: The Metropolitan Edison Co. is a flourishing concern and its 6 per cent. bonds have so much merit that they are selling several points above par. While International Tel. & Tel. stock also pays 6 per cent., it is selling several points higher than the Met. Edison bonds, and it is a lower grade security. The present market price of International Tel. & Tel. shares is based on expectation, as the company is prospering. But it does not seem advisable to switch from a sound, reliable bond to a common stock, whose future is not yet settled. Skelly Oil stock, paying about 6 per cent. on market price, is a fair business man's purchase.

B., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.: Amer. Bosch Magneto has been so poor an earner that it has not paid a dividend since April, 1921. Reports regarding it recently have been somewhat favorable, but the shares are only speculative at present. Pretty good accounts are given of Amer. Stores, and the A stock's dividend of $2 seems pretty well assured. At 25 or under the stock would seem to be a good business man's purchase. Anglo Amer. Oil is in the Standard Oil group and has been a consistent dividend payer. The yield on the stock's current market price is only moderate. The company's financial condition is excellent. The North American Co. is strong and progressive and a liberal dividend payer.

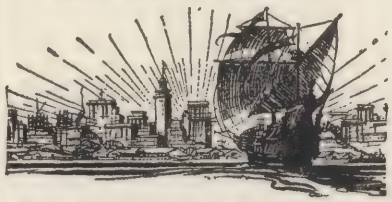
D., MONESSEN, PA.: At this time Continental Motors, paying 80 cents yearly, seems better both as a speculation and an investment, than Willys-Overland common or Kay Copper, which stocks are making no return. Now that arrears on Willys-Overland pfd. have been cleared up, a dividend on common is looked for by and by, but what its size shall be does not yet appear. Kay Copper has been persistently boomed in certain quarters with no very distinct success. It is only a cheap speculation and the average investor might well leave it alone. Among low-priced shares that are paying dividends and have some possibilities, are Norwalk Tire & Rubber common, American La France common and Martin Parry.

G., LAKEWOOD, O.: The Colonial Finance Corp. has paid no dividends since April, 1924, and there is no indication that it will be able to resume payments in the near future. Its stock, therefore, if not worthless, is very unattractive. I know nothing of the Continental Invesment Co. of Newark. If it will pay you $5.75 actual cash for each Colonial block which cost you $25 it might be well to accept the offer. But if you are only to be allowed a rebate of $5.75 in case you buy Continental stock, the offer had better be turned down.

L., LINDSAY, ONT.: Since Gold Dust shares are making no yield to the holders, it would seem that the present market price has largely discounted their speculative possibilities.

S., COLUMBIA, S. C.: Only two of your list of six stocks are dividend payers. Federal Motor Truck common makes a poor yield on your purchase price. Moon Motor, selling for a little less than what you paid for Federal and paying $8 would be a better proposition. For less than Franklin common, a non-dividend payer, is now selling at, you could buy Moon Motor or Paige Detroit common, each paying dividends. Packard Motor has sunk below the price you paid, but its cash and stock dividend keeps it on the attractive list. Bethlehem Steel common, with the dividend still remote, could be profitably exchanged for

Do You Want An *Increased Income?*



It is our business to help investors increase their income. One investor gained $7,208 in principal, increased his income $1,077 and had the use of his money in the meanwhile. In a similar way we have helped thousands.

There is nothing unusual about this case, nothing difficult or mysterious about the plan and there is no risk. How we helped one investor to gain $7,208 principal and add $1,077 to his income, and how we can help you, is explained fully in a booklet, "2% to 4% Extra." Mail the coupon for free copy.

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Coming Profits

Our latest stock bulletin will show a stock paying 12 per cent annually and which has wonderful prospects for 1926. In our opinion it is now selling 100% under its intrinsic value. Write today for Free Bulletin P-37

H. C. SCHAUBLE & CO.
63-65 Wall Street New York

What Are
GUARANTEED STOCKS?
This and other valuable information as to trading and investing will be found in free booklet-J.
PAUL KAYE, 149 Broadway, New York

Amer. Steel Foundries common. Inter. Merc. Marine pfd. with arrears of dividends much exceeding its market price, may be a good very long pull, but as it is much given to ups and downs, it would seem wise to take your handsome profit and to buy a good dividend paying issue. The railroad group generally has had substantial advances, including the former low-priced issues. Ontario & Western is the cheapest dividend payer among the rails, but it has had and lost a speculative rise. Seaboard Airline common, Kansas City Southern common, Wabash common and New Haven, all non-dividend payers, have largely discounted their outlook, but they seem still to have some speculative chances.

H., Canaan, N. Y.: The warning that building has been overdone in this country, and that loans on real estate have become inflated, has been raised in conservative quarters. Reputable real estate bond houses, however, deny that any such statement applies to them. No doubt the building industry, as has been the case with the mining and oil industries, has offered chances for unscrupulous promotions. First mortgage real estate bonds are not to be bought without discrimination from any and every person who offers them. The character and the records of the companies dealing in such securities are most important matters to be considered. The better class, responsible houses do not make loans in excess of two-thirds of the appraised value of properties. These dealers are experienced and wary. They know how and when to safeguard their customers. They look out for the future, and buyers of the issues these firms handle are not likely to be caught in the bog of drastic deflation, should this ever come. You can safely continue to buy bonds from the companies you inquire about.

C., Bristol, Pa.: Florida's land boom appears to have been tainted here and there with fraud. The boom is abating in some localities, is still in full swing in others, and is yet to show itself in new places. Before buying any of the plots offered, by the land company, you and your friends should send a trusty envoy down there to look the situation over and pick out the right things.

S., Halifax, N. S.: The motor group in the market lately quieted down from its speculative activities, but it may in time have another inning. The motor industry may have to stand some trimming, but it is too sturdy a tree to be uprooted or blown down. It is not decaying. Among the moderate priced motor stocks having possibilities are Packard, Paige Detroit, and Moon, all dividend payers.

J., Atlanta, Ga.: The first class railroad stocks have much merit, but speculation in the rails recently went pretty far, and naturally it suffered some check. Earnings, mergers, and other favoring factors have now largely been discounted in market prices, and a little caution in investing in rails would not be out of place. The issues you own were bought at comparatively low prices and it would be quite safe to hold them, but you have tempting profits which it might be advisable to take.

B., Crowder, Okla.: Armour A stock, quoted at 24¼ and paying $2, is making an excellent yield on market price. Its high this year was 27½ and its low 20. The company reports increasing profits, so that this stock is a desirable business man's investment. Amer. Steel Foundries common is a worth-while stock paying a good dividend, and with a tendency to advance.

D., Evart, Mich.: It is not surprising that Copper Range stock has seriously declined from your purchase price, for it has paid no ividend since May, 1924, and there was a deficit in earnings in 1922, 1923, 1924. The future price of the stock is uncertain. A better way to recoup than buying additional Copper Range shares would be to purchase good dividend payers. If you care to switch at the present price of Copper Range you might consider such speculative dividend payers as Continental Motors, Amer. La France, common, Norwalk Tire & Rubber common, Miami Copper, and Tenn. Copper & Chemical.

D., Pittsburgh, Pa.: The slump in the price of National Cloak & Suit Corp. stock was due to a falling off in earnings compared with 1924, and to selling out by the pool which had pushed up quotations. The Corp. officials claim that it is in good financial condition and has an excellent outlook. The stock has recovered somewhat from its low. It may possibly some time get back to your purchase price.

M., New York City: A. T. & T. and Southern Pacific are among the soundest stocks on the market and can prudently be held. Kennecott, Pan Amer. and Cerro de Pasco are more speculative but are making satisfactory returns with good prospects of maintaining dividends.

H., Elk Point, S. Dakota: The Public Service Co. of Okla. is a subsidiary of the Middle West Utilities Co. and appears to be flourishing fairly well. It is paying dividends on all classes of stock. The common stock is reasonably safe, and the pfd. stock is still safer.

H., New Orleans, La.: Penn. Seaboard Steel, as the stock's low price indicates, has been an unsuccessful enterprise. Occasionally there are hopeful hints regarding it, but nothing has occurred on which to base an advance in the price of its shares. There is no certainty that Alt., Birm. & At. Railway will be bought by a stronger road. All sorts of rumors about coming railroad mergers are current and a good many of them lack confirmation.

A., New York City: As Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. common stock is paying no dividend it would be advisable to sell it if you can do so without serious loss and buy some good dividend payer. Norfolk & Western R. R. stock is a meritorious issue and can prudently be held as an investment.

C., Montclair, N. J.: Standard Oil of Cal. has not responded very decidedly to the proposed merger with Pacific Oil. Even if the result should improve S. O. C.'s value materially it might be well to get out of it and buy something which makes a better return. You have a good profit in Standard Oil of Indiana, and you could get a larger yield by investing in Sinclair Cons. Oil pfd. Continental Baking B is not yet in the dividend paying class and is speculative. A better purchase would be Continental Baking pfd., paying 8 per cent. Midwest Utilities shares are selling too high for their 5 per cent. dividend. Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. pfd. is a more desirable purchase at around 55.

L., Albany, N. Y.: The passing of Congoleum-Nairn's common dividend was foreshadowed by the dubious official statements as to the company's earnings. It is hardly possible that a material recovery in the stock's price will occur until business so improves as to warrant resumption of the dividend. Instead of evening up you had better buy a sound dividend payer.

R., Burlington, Vt.: As a woman wholly without experience in stocks, the best advice that can be given you is to avoid playing with fire. That is, don't risk your funds on cheap, non-dividend paying, purely speculative issues. Your safest course would be to buy first mortgage real estate bonds. Note the advertisements in this department.

T., Erie, Pa.: The National Cash Register Co. has been so prosperous that the 1,100,000 shares of its common A stock recently offered to the public at $50 per share were quickly subscribed for and at once sold at a premium. The company has paid dividends on common for thirty-five years and there is every prospect that it can continue this good practice.

New York, Jan. 16, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

The United States Mortgage Bond Co., Ltd., 350 U. S. Mortgage Bond Building, Detroit, Mich., is the distributor of "United Bonds," which are 6½ per cent. issues, in denominations of $100 up, secured by carefully appraised homes, apartments and office buildings in Detroit. That city has diversified industries, and a fast growing population. Buyers of the bonds can have them guaranteed. The company will mail its latest booklet to any interested applicant.

A 28 page booklet, "8% and Safety," will be sent to any address by The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2521 Bedford Bldg., Miami, Fla. The booklet gives the facts regarding the 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds offered by the company, which are based on income producing city business properties independently appraised at twice the amount of the loans. This company gives as its reference "all banks in Miami."

The long established American Bond & Mortgage Co., 127 N. Dearborn street, Chicago, and 345 Madison avenue, N. Y. City, with offices in many other cities, announces "Its Forty-fifth Investment Offering." The company deals in first mortgage real estate bonds and has never failed to meet its payments of interest and principal. The company's new booklet, "Investment Opportunities," fully describes 6½ per cent bonds of approved safety, secured by high grade properties. Send to the company for booklet J-226.

Since a 7 per cent. yearly return on capital equals one year and nine months interest at 4 per cent. and one year and five months at 5 per cent., G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East Forty-second street, N. Y. City, argue that Miller bonds, paying as high as 7 per cent., with safety, are wise and inviting investments. The record of this company shows that investors have bought millions of dollars worth of its bonds without any loss. Full particulars are given in booklet 21-ML. Apply to the company for it.

Hosts of persons who own bonds or propose to buy them have not learned how to judge the merits of such securities. These investors should be interested in a timely booklet, "How to Analyze a First Mortgage Bond" issued by the Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich. To obtain this booklet write to the Corp. for J-19.

Five reasons why money is worth 8 per cent. in Florida are disclosed in two booklets, "2% to 4% Extra," and "Why Florida First Mortgage Investments Pay 8%," prepared by the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla. The company distributes 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds secured by valuable properties in growing Florida's cities. A letter to the company will bring copies of the booklets.

A stock yielding 12 per cent., selling at about half of its former price, is regarded by H. C. Schauble & Co., 63-65 Wall street, N. Y. City, as having great possibilities for 1926. Investors may learn all about it by applying to the company for Bulletin P-37.

NO INVESTOR EVER LOST A DOLLAR IN MILLER BONDS

Do you want your investments guaranteed?

Prompt payment of principal and interest on any Miller Bond will be unconditionally guaranteed for an annual premium of ½ of 1%. A 7% Miller First Mortgage Real Estate Bond with the guaranty yields 6½%. Mail the coupon for detailed information on these safe, liberal-yield bonds.

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What Makes a Bond Safe

BEFORE You buy Bonds do you Analyze the contemplated investment? Do you really know the factors that determine the safety of any First Mortgage Real Estate Bond?

This booklet, "How To Analyze A First Mortgage Bond" will show you how to accurately determine the relative value of each contemplated investment. Mail the coupon—Today!

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Please send me without obligation your Booklet "How to Analyze a First Mortgage Bond."

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But It's Nicer to Sleep Alone!

"They'll forgive us after it's done. They'll have to," said Ranny. "Cara, dear, dear—"

Cara's eighteen-year-old eyes, usually so casual and so frank, were hidden by her lashes.

"I want to," she said. "But I'm afraid—afraid—"

There seemed something so terribly wrong about it all. Even if she and Ranny were married, she was sure that she wouldn't feel married, unless there was a reception, and a church and everything. And then they would go to a hotel. . . .

"Ranny," she cried, urgently, "we can't get married. We haven't any luggage. Any clothes."

Ranny laughed. She had never heard him laugh just that way before.

"You won't need any clothes," said Ranny. "Afterward—"

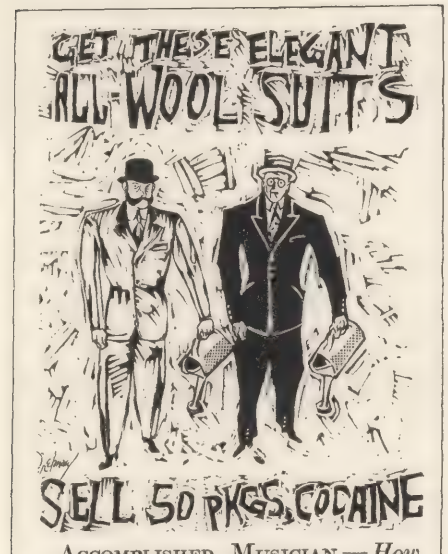
Cara blushed in the twilight darkness, and pulled herself up, so that she sat quite straight, and away from the comfy shoulder.

"I have to have a—a—things," she said. "A negligée, at least. Or I won't get married."

"I'll buy you one," said Ranny. "Somewhere." And laughed again.

▲ ▲ ▲

Can the most adoring lover in the world compensate a flapper for a wedding sans even a wedding cake or a negligée? See "Wait Till Tomorrow" by Dorothy Dow, in the current issue of Snappy Stories. *At all newsstands—20 cents.*



Accomplished Musician—*How would you like a sonata before dinner, boy friend?*

Second Mrs. Tanqueray—*Fine, but don't put more than a dash of gin in it, will you?*

FUNNYBONES

What we need is an auto that will count ten before hitting a pedestrian.

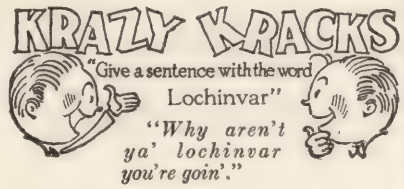
Judge pays $5 for each one printed

The Counterfeiters

I was creeping along on my hands and knees through the inky blackness of that underground cavern, alligators slithered over my legs, spiders dropped from the low, damp ceiling and slid down my neck; bats swooped about everywhere. I had trailed a gang of desperate counterfeiters to this their hiding place and I did not mean to let them escape. On, on I crawled through a murky slime that came up over my wrists and got my cuffs dirty. I tossed them aside. I could not afford to be seen even in a counterfeiter's den with soiled cuffs.

Suddenly there was a flash of a pistol and its reverberating crash down the long cavern. I felt a sting directly over my heart. I stopped and examined the wound with my pocket flashlight. The bullet had made a clean hole about two inches to the left of my top vest button, but I didn't mind except that a dark red stain was spreading over my immaculate white vest. I quickly took off the offending vest and tossed it aside, and immediately I felt much better.

I crept on. Finally through a chink in the wall I beheld a large underground apartment of five rooms, steam heat, parquet floors, and southern exposure. The rent I imagined must be in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars a month, furnished. Two dark visaged men were bending over a workbench at the farther side of the room. The bench was covered with strange looking dies, gravers, bootles of ink and rum, and at the end a small but perfectly modeled printing press. I listened, but from my position could catch no sound of their voices. I crept on thinking that I might by chance discover the hidden doorway. At last I came to a flight of stone steps that seemed to lead to another room directly above the one in which I had seen the men at work. Stealthily I climbed these stairs; just as I reached the top another bullet from somewhere ripped through my derby and buried itself in the thick part of my skull. I threw the hat away, picked the bullet out with a small pair of pliers, and placed it in my hip pocket for a souvenir. When I reached into my pocket to do this I was greatly surprised to find



another bullet already there. The one that had ruined my vest had gone clear through me and having spent its force had dropped into my hip pocket.

In a few minutes I came to a stovepipe hole in the floor through which I could look into the room below. Both men were so absorbed in their nefarious work they heard nothing above the hum of their printing press, that was running full speed. Great piles of paper money came out of that press. Three bushel baskets were already filled and another half full. In trying to discern what denomination the bills were I took from my pocket a small pair of opera glasses that I always carry and as I gazed down upon those poor fugitives from justice I had a severe reaction. I felt sorry for them at first and then I laughed, a loud, long, raucous laugh that echoed and re-echoed down those underground halls like a roar of thunder. The joke evidently was on me. I had trailed them across Europe and Asia and half of America. No wonder I laughed! The poor fools were making German marks.

Nate Collier

***

First Parent—So your son didn't like the Navy?

Second Ditto—No; he said he couldn't get used to wearing his trousers so small at the bottom.

—Answers

"What is money, daddy?"

"A thing, my boy, that a man earns and gets and for which a woman yearns—and gets." *—Eve*

***

A broadcast jazz band recently performed 2,000 feet up in an aeroplane which afterwards made a successful landing in the dark. The musicians then scattered for safety

—London Opinion

Just when he was showing off his handsome period radio cabinet.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache	Neuralgia	Colds	Lumbago
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Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Now Ready

"Everyman's Guide To Motor Efficiency"

BY

H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.
and
HOWARD GREENE

The most practical handbook on modern motor car efficiency ever published. Hailed by the leading automobile manufacturers as the greatest contribution to the proper maintenance of the motor car ever offered the automobile owning public.

Not a text-book but a beautiful example of the book-maker's art, made for practical reference service.

Four hundred and forty-eight pages, more than 300 illustrations, printed on fine paper, from clear new type. An Art Binding in green Fabrikoid with Gold embossing, size 5¼ x 7¾ inches. Arranged for ready reference, and written and illustrated in such a way that even the most uninitiated will understand.

This volume in addition to giving definite instruction on the care and repair of each and every part of the modern motor car, includes "Trouble Finding Charts," "Specifications of Current American Cars," "Glossary of Automobile Words and Terms" and "Close-ups of Modern Car Manufacture."

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IN PERFECT COMFORT

over the mountain or into the valley below a myriad of fascinating scenes unfold to your view—if you are able to enjoy them. The sway of the train means train sickness—(nausea) to many. Mothersill's stops Train, Car and Sea Sickness at once, giving perfect comfort on your trip.

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of Price

6

The Mothersill Remedy Co,. N. Y. City

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

A Health Builder

HOSTETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters is a wholesome tonic. Keeps the stomach in good condition and improves the appetite.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

At All Druggists

THE HOSTETTER CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Clear-Tone TO

Clear Your Skin

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch and Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. CLEAR-TONE has been Tried, Tested and Proven its merits in over 100,000 test cases.

FREE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.

E. S. GIVENS 224 Chemical Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

PISO'S *for* **coughs**

Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup 35c and 60c sizes.

And *externally*, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c

Always insist upon having

ABBOTT'S *Tonic Appetizer for 52 Years* **BITTERS**

Sample by mail 25c

C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Zunkel's Sinks for Hairy Hyenas

USED to be I had such pains in my stomach after going a few days without food I couldn't even enjoy the "Congressional Record," let alone all $10 a case gin. When I went into the life insurance business my friends all began to desert me and the pains got worse and oftener than ever. Finally, I got so hungry I stole one of your Zunkel's Sinks from in front of the Fritz Hotel and immediately gained in weight and prominence. Now I have a permanent place to sleep and get my meals regular, even if they are only bread and water. I can recommend your sinks for anything from applesauce to chronic measles.

Roskominoff's Dandy Debt Reducer

I never knew what it was to have a sleepless night until somebody told me about your famous Debt Reducer and I think it's just wonderful, Mr. Roskominoff, how you get away with it. Now I know what charm is—in a book, a play, a subway car, a corned beef sandwich, a superheated haystack or a big soup and fish man from Arizona. Come around sometime and I'll show you the family stamp album which also contains a handsome morocco case for your worn out razor blades and a welcome addition to every home. Try it for a week at our expense.

Lulu's Lightning Laces for Lady Laplanders

I was always having fights with my landlady, who wasn't at all, since we couldn't agree about how far

A rare old German mug.

behind a gentleman could get in his rent and still be, if any. Finally, I got her to try some of your Lulu's Lightning Laces and don't have any more trouble with her since she give me the gate the very next day and it's off because I'm out—approximately sixty-five cents and forty miles west of Cleveland. The children are having the time of their life and do not carry baggage except on signal, Washington's birthday and the seventh Sunday after Capricorn.

Castro's Castors for Careless Capillaries

Come next Xmas little Xopher catch cold in Catskills near Columbus couldn't cure the kid cause kicked cushions off his couch constantly. Keep Castro's Castors for Careless Capillaries on his clavicles to clear conscience and by last Xmas Xopher completely cured. Cordial kisses from Katie.

Richard S. Wallace.

TOMMY—*Mom, why do you and Daddy keep hanging around that old tree?*

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

An Act of Bigotry

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear JUDGE: Here's a hand old boy. Thanks for the editorial page. I'd shoot the newsdealer who sold me JUDGE without it.

The real plot of this note, however, is not solely to slap you on the back but to ask you what you think about the action of Justice Mitchell of New York in refusing incorporation to the "American Association for the Advancement of Atheism"? Now, what business of that judge's is it for what purpose the corporation is being formed, so long as it is not for violating the law? Any other religious, political, moral or scientific organization is incorporated without a question. What does it matter if they're going to wreck buildings or religions? A God that can't survive without some kindly hand boosting him over the rough spots doesn't rate much reverence from me. Religions are a lot like buildings, anyway. The better they're built, the harder they are to wreck. Sorry to disappoint your critics but I'm not an atheist.

Occasionally I see a dirty crack against your editorial policy. Although I don't always agree with you on the Klan I feel that Mr. Houghton hits home oftener than the above mentioned squawkers would have us believe. (Mr. Houghton is "W.M.H." isn't he?) Particularly on the question of too many laws do I agree with him. The average citizen is comparable to our old friend Gulliver who when captured by the Lilliputians was tied, not with a few heavy, noticeable ropes but with thousands of small ropes which didn't look so bad but rendered him equally powerless and cut worse. To-day Gulliver is *us* and the ropes are laws.

This may seem immature judgment on the part of a recently graduated high school student, but I'd bet the British Navy against an ounce of used Hasheesh that my present judgment exceeds that of the most highly developed censor by ten or twenty thousand per cent.

M. Nathan must be getting weak, he praised a show the other week. Tell him to get out his saw and his ax and attempt to atone for his sin.

How's tricks? *Dick Hawthorn*

Harrisburg, Pa.
October 29, 1925.

[ED. NOTE—We don't think any more of Justice Mitchell's action than our correspondent.]

Prohibition's Buncombe

To the Editors of JUDGE.

Dear Sirs: Here I am again, inspired this time by the sparkling brilliance and honest frankness of the entire editorial pages of the November 21 and December 12 issues. Permit me to congratulate you.

It is becoming more nauseous than ever to observe the silly boasting and inane antics of the so-called Anti-Saloon League. Their Thanksgiving Proclamation, recently emitted in the public prints, is the most illogical and ridiculous thing published since the anti-evolution repartee at Dayton, Tenn.

At a recent gab-fest in Washington, D. C., held by the w.k. Board of Temperance and Morals, there appeared among the usual absurdities, a statement with sinister possibilities. Quoting in part they say that "Prohibition is not primarily for the purpose of reducing drunkenness. It is founded upon the conviction that the licensing of a common nuisance . . . is not ethical and contravenes the spirit of the preamble to the Constitution." In other words, if one's daily bath should ever be considered a nuisance, and incidentally frequent bathing was at one time frowned upon as wicked, the w. k. Board might bring down legislative wrath again. If submitted to our whole existence could thus be dominated by this sort of sumptuary regulation. Is it not past high time the American public got their brakes relined?

Keep up your excellent work.

Very truly yours,
Harry Snyder

New York City,
December 11, 1925.

A Buck Private Speaks Up

My dear Mr. Houghton: Having read your recent article printed in JUDGE regarding the activities of our General Butler in Philadelphia, please let a "buck private" have his say in defense of a man whom we all admire.

I candidly think that your criticism of General Butler's services in Philadelphia is nothing more than sarcasm. On some of your editorials of the past you are to be congratulated, but I must state that your recent article about him was very cowardly and a very poor piece of propaganda to broadcast over the country, for those to read who, like yourself, have nothing else to do but to criticise and find fault with others, when they could do much for the betterment of themselves and their fellow men if they would take the lead like our General Butler and "do things" instead of destroy.

You are correct when you state that General Butler is a strict disciplinarian, I speak from experience and I know. I have had the honor and pleasure (yes!' I mean pleasure! even though I did have to shoulder a pick and shovel sometimes) of serving under him and I am sure I voice the true opinion of the entire Marine Corps when I say that there is no fairer or squarer officer in any branch of the service than our General Butler, and we are with him any time, any place and anywhere, to the last man! Need I say more?

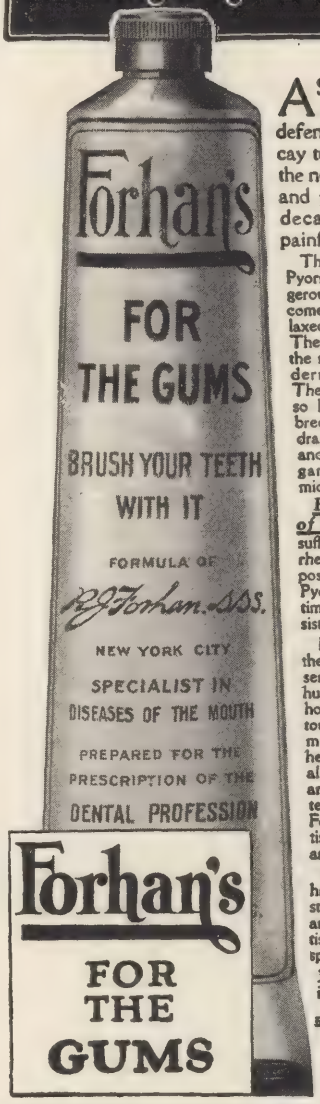
Very truly yours,
Jack W. Martin, Private,
U. S. Marines.

Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.,
October 22, 1925.

"Whisht, Gloria, I hear yo' minister got a call to Minneapolis."

"Yes, my little cabbage, but he took his text from St. Paul and they got jealous."

Watch your gums — bleeding a sign of trouble



Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

As sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact, And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

"POPULAR RADIO is without question the *best* radio magazine" You will understand when you see it how very interesting and valuable it is to every owner of a radio receiving set and to every one considering the building or the purchase of a set

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Old Money Wanted Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty head, (no Buffalo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you.
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YOUNGSTERS

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627 WEST 43d STREET NEW YORK

Nice Old Gent (to shopper who has just stepped out of very diminutive car)—Excuse me, sir, but I think you've dropped something!

—*London Opinion*

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 14*)

Swett Marden. But it probably doesn't take a reviewer to convey this information to the producers. If they honestly think that their show is funny, and will put it in writing, and will further have the document duly witnessed by a notary public, I'll nevertheless promise them not to do them the injustice of betraying their confidence to the public and making them seem foolish. Of all the skits they divulge, there is only one—a burlesque spy playlet excellently acted by the droll Tom Howard—that contains so much as the germ of real comedy, and even this peters out at the finish like a fat woman running after a street car. The rest of the sketches are so poorly written that the laughs they try for are stillborn.

The best thing in the show is a balloon ballet. Its coloring is nicely contrived. One can only hope that next season the producers will call up some one like Ring Lardner, or steal the MM. Tannen and Cook from Carroll or the MM. Rogers and Fields from Ziegfeld, before they spend all their money on dressmakers and scene painters.

III

"THE MASTER OF THE INN," by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, out of a novel by Robert Herrick, is so soupy that it defeats its own purpose. The Mlle. Cushing apparently believes that the surest way to make an audience feel sentimental is to make her dramatic characters feel twice as sentimental as the audience. This practice, on which the Mlle. Cushing hasn't a monopoly by any means, invariably makes an audience sentimental only to the degree that its chivalry toward women in general keeps it from murdering such playwrights as La Cushing in particular. Robert Loraine is the star of the great occasion. There was a day, some ten or fifteen years ago, when Mr. Loraine seemed to be a fairly good actor. As I say, there was a day, some ten or fifteen years ago, when Mr. Loraine seemed to be a fairly good actor.

A Well-known Game

The inspector was testing the general knowledge of the junior class. Slapping a half-crown on the desk, he said sharply, "What's that?"

Instantly a voice came from the back row. "Tails, sir."

—*The Tatler*

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

B	U	T	C	H	E	R	■	B	L	O	W	O	U	T
O	■	A	H	E	M	■	F	■	A	V	I	D	■	O
L	S	N	■	A	M	E	R	I	C	A	■	E	R	A
O	I	■	O	V	A	■	A	■	E	L	M	■	A	S
G	L	I	D	E	■	M	P	R	■	S	A	I	N	T
N	O	N	E	■	P	I	P	E	R	■	A	N	T	E
A	■	D	■	W	I	S	E	M	E	N	■	E	■	R
■	D	I	V	A	N	S	■	A	V	I	A	R	Y	■
A	■	A	■	S	T	I	R	R	U	P	■	T	■	A
R	E	N	D	■	S	L	A	K	E	■	M	I	S	S
T	A	S	T	E	■	E	S	S	■	S	C	A	L	P
I	C	■	S	E	C	■	C	■	T	A	M	■	O	I
S	H	Y	■	R	A	V	A	G	E	S	■	T	E	R
T	■	E	R	I	N	■	L	■	A	S	I	A	■	E
S	E	T	T	E	E	S	■	A	S	Y	L	U	M	S

Meek Young Wife (sweetly)—John, dear, to whom shall I return this *lantern* you came home with this morning? —*Humorist*

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 18*)

and Barrie's delicate taste in his picture. Betty Bronson, whom Barrie himself picked for his "Peter Pan," is the star in this picture, too, and fully justifies her selection. She makes a perfect slavey and an exquisite fairy princess. Equally well cast is Tom Moore as Policeman David.

Then there is a bit of photography that should come in for special mention. When the Fairy Godmother waves her wand over Cinderella's pumpkin and little cage of white mice they transform themselves into coach and four before your eyes, not suddenly, but by stages like little jerks. First the white mice become rats and the pumpkin swells and becomes cubical. Then the cage disappears and the rats become terrier size, while the pumpkin grows windows. There is still another intermediate stage; the rats become half horse—hybrids in appearance—and the pumpkin puts forth wheels. And then finally we have the coach-and-four with coachman, postilions, escort and the whole works. After seeing that miracle it would be easy to believe that Cinderella actually did go to the ball.

The whole picture is as charming a bit of sentimentality as the screen affords.

***

It is eighty-five years since the first time-table was produced. All the trains mentioned in that volume are in by now! —*Answers*

Visitor—'Ullo, Bill, just 'eard you've won a motor car in a competition. Where is it?

Bill—Over in the corner. Twenty-five of us gave the correct result, so they divided the prize among us. —*Passing Show*

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(Many with vocal choruses)
Sleepy Time Gal
Then I'll Be Happy
If I Had a Girl Like You
Sweet Man
Roll 'em Girls (Roll You Own)
Clap Hands, Here Comes Charley
That Certain Party *Head-in for Louisville*
Five Foot Two Eyes of Blues—Don't Wait Too Long

Peppy Charlestons
I'm Gonna Charleston Back to Charleston
I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight

Dreamy Waltzes
Dream Pal—Let Us Waltz As We Say Goodbye

Vocals
Show Me The Way To Go Home
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OF

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Look for It—February 6

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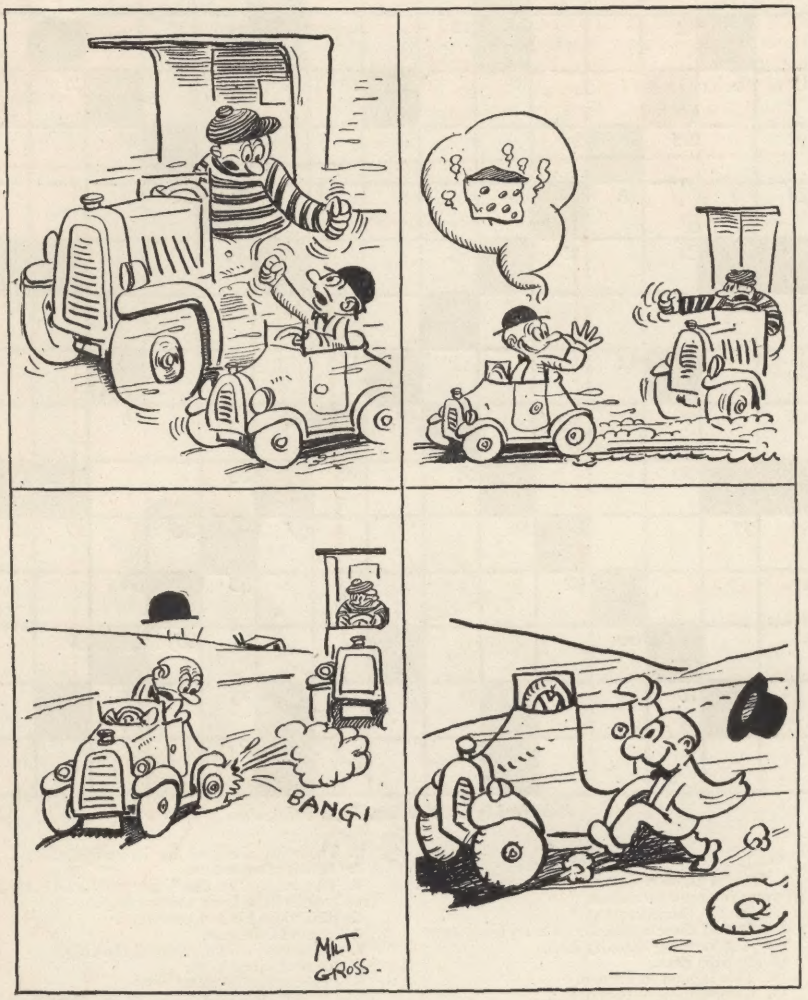
You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes February 1. Winning ending appears in the issue of February 20.

Contest No. 26

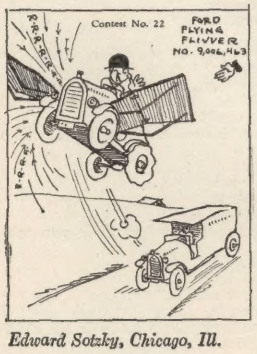
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 22



W. H. Schrader, Box 205, Hartville, O.

RUNNERS-UP



Edward Sotzky, Chicago, Ill.

Lee Jackson, Bronx, N. Y.

S. Chapman, Lockhart, Tex.

Oren R. Calkins, Joliet, Ill.

James Ferry, Kent, O.

Persell D. Plank, Winchester, Va.

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In cases of duplication, the first one received will be accepted.

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Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,

Epilaughs—Epilaugh Editor of JUDGE,

Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE,

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By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

Should be entered in the Contest for the Funniest Contribution of 1926.

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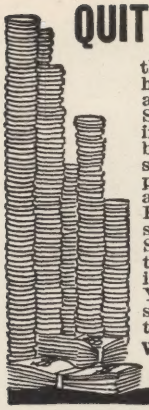

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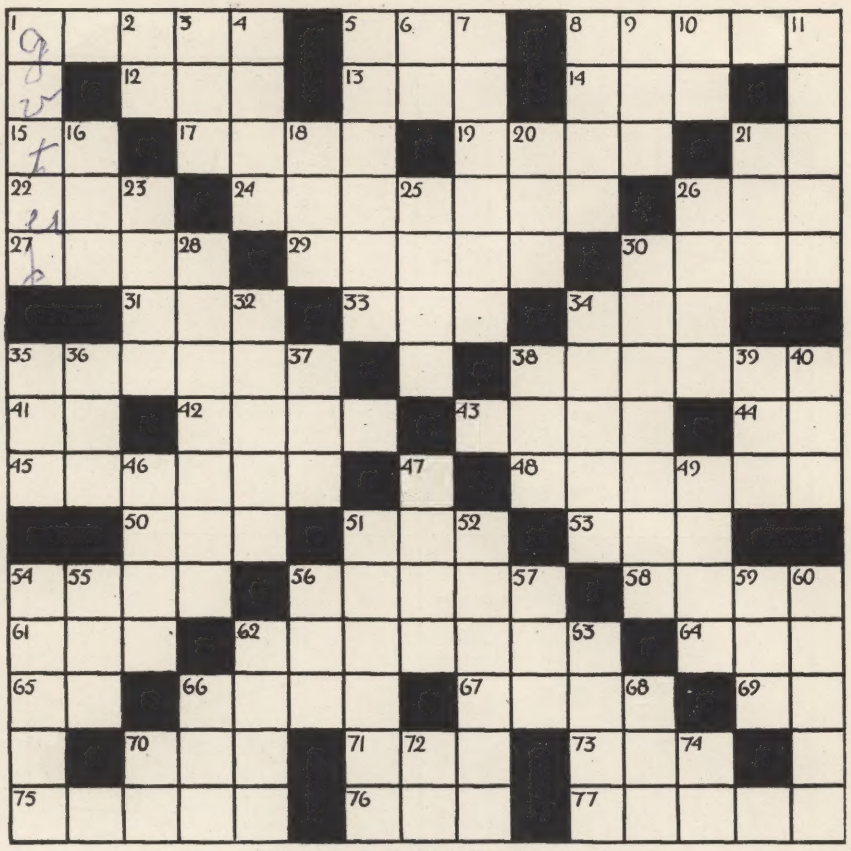
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 59



Submitted by T. M. Riley, Eagle Point, Ore.

Horizontal

1. One of these a day keeps the doctor away. (If you can throw straight.)
5. An English cigarette.
8. One of these a day keeps everybody away.
12. A melancholy laundry iron.
13. In time past.
14. This is good in France.
15. Composition of boneheads.
17. A nobleman.
19. Presently.
21. This is Paris. (Correct this sentence.)
22. Constant user of nose paint.
24. A Ku Klux Christmas present.
26. The center of the universe.
27. Something editors should do.
29. Rent again.
30. Kind of a chest.
31. Vim, vigor, vitality or what do you possess?
33. So (Scot.).
34. Court.
35. Wives and political moguls.
38. Something that old-fashioned peaches had in their cheeks.
41. Where smoke goes.
42. A baby's good-by.
43. It's a long one that has no turned down auto lights.
44. Antipasto Wrestlers (abbr.). So's your Aunt Chovie!
45. Give a thief enough rope and he'll manufacture these.
48. This means to ridicule.
50. It is contracted.
51. Something schooners sailed across in the good old daze.
53. The shell that failed.
54. Small valley.
56. More attractive.
58. What a tired business man does in church.
61. Greek letter.
62. Nowadays this might appropriately be called a skin game.
64. What an illuminated gentleman is.
65. Point of the compass.
66. Something a horse has that no other animal has.
67. But not gaudy!
69. Disordered type.
70. A dirty dog. Ah, ha!
71. Something golfers do.
73. Masculine given name.
75. Jumped on by Paul Revere.
76. This should come last.
77. And this is the limit.

Vertical

1. What Caesar usually did before he had his morning bath.
2. The spice of a feminine letter (abbr.).
3. This is often sat on.
4. The song, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" might have been written here.
5. Ridiculous kind of play (pl.).
6. Symbol for silver.
7. Artistocratic adornment of the chin.
8. Musical instrument.
9. Prefix meaning not.
10. Where husbands are when they aren't allowed to go out.
11. This lady was changed into a stone by Zeus. (If that will help you any.)
16. Where shamrocks grow and Irishmen come from.
18. "Ever" poetical.
20. A nat's companion.
21. Dine.
23. Things that waiters wait for. (And we don't mean perhaps.)
25. The birds of this gang are all cuckoos.
26. Kind of a skirt. (Ask grandma, she knows.)
28. Having left a will.
30. One of these in time saves the nine. (Two words.)
32. Brand of soap.
34. Treated to wine.
35. So's your old can.
36. Open. (Poetical.)
37. Where pedestrians come to their own conclusions (abbr.).
38. Santa Claus.
39. The barefoot boy.
40. A ram's butter half.
46. Arizona monster.
47. Something country boys make in the snow before going to school.
49. This is idolized.
51. Framework formerly worn on the back of women's dresses.
52. Curbed or restrained.
54. This girl should have "Arms and the Man."
55. Consumed.
56. Famous electric equestrian.
57. Those fish eggs again.
59. Another name for a swim.
60. Elongated leg.
62. The louse of a thousand scandals.
63. This should be hit on the head.
66. Chinese tress.
68. Prefix meaning three.
70. An engineering degree (abbr.).
72. Same as number ten vertical.
74. Three o'clock in the morning (abbr.).

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle on Page 28

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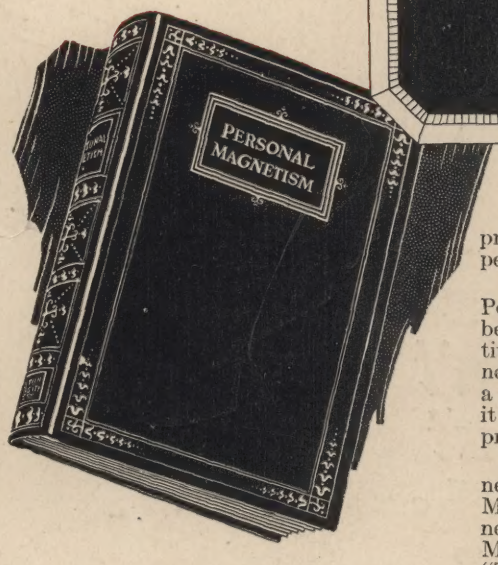

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